

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1425.—September 23 & 30, 1871.

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## BLACKBERRIES.

The trees were flushed with red and gold,  
As, in the warm September weather,  
Among the country lanes we strolled,  
And picked the black-berries together.

Standing among the russet-brown  
And withered leaves that hid the roots,  
I pulled the bramble branches down,  
And watched her pluck and eat the fruits.

With tender, purpled finger-tips,  
That shunned the thorns with dainty skill,  
She put them to her pouted lips,  
And laughed, and looked more pretty still.

Her ringing tones awoke the air  
To joyful echoes as she passed;  
Each opening prospect seemed more fair,  
Each lane more tempting, than the last.

And even now, when strolling through  
The byeways, hedged with bush and bramble,  
I pull a black-berry or two,  
In memory of that far-off ramble.

Chambers' Journal.

## IN AUGUST.

SUMMER declines and roses have grown rare,  
But cottage crofts are gay with hollyhocks,  
And in old garden-walks you breathe an air  
Fragrant of pinks and August-smelling stocks.  
The soul of the delicious mignonette  
Floats on the wind and tempts the vagrant  
bees

From the pale purple spikes of lavender,  
Waking a fond regret  
For dead July, whose children the sweet-peas  
Are sipped by butterflies with wings astir.

Evenings are chill, though in the glowing noon  
Swelled peaches bask along a sunny wall,  
And mellowing apricots turn gold — too soon  
For him who loves not to be near the fall  
Of the yet deathless leaves. Pale jessamine  
Speaks, with her lucid stars, of shortening  
days

To spreading fuchsias clad in crimson bells,  
Lurking beneath the twine  
Of odorous clematis, whose bowery maze  
Of gadding flowers the same sad story tells.

Now from the sky fall sudden gleams of light  
Athwart the plain. Black poplars in the  
breeze

Whiten — the willows flashing silvery white  
At every gust against dark rain-clouds :  
these

Glooming beneath their crowns of massy snow,  
And soaring onward with the wind that rocks

The sprouted elms, and shadowing as they  
pass  
Broad corn-fields ripening slow  
In upland farms, where still the undrawn  
cocks  
Stand brown amid the verdurous after-  
grass.

Now scream the curlews on the wild west coast,  
And sea-birds sport in the sunned ocean —  
blue

As the intense of heaven. The crested host  
Of mighty billows endlessly pursue  
Each other in their glorious lion-play,  
Surging against the cliffs with thunderous  
roar,

Till the black rocks seethe in thick-cream-  
ing foam,

And bursts of rainbowed spray  
Fly o'er the craggy barriers far inshore,  
Drenching the thrift in its storm-buffeted  
home.

Now is the season when soft melancholy  
Broods o'er the fields at solemn evenfall,  
The golden-clouded sunset dying slowly  
From the clear west, ere yet the starry pall  
Of night is silvered by the harvest moon :  
When the year's blood runs rich as luscious  
wine

With honied ripeness : when the robin's  
song

Fills the grey afternoon  
With warbled hope; and memories divine  
Crowd to the heart of days forgotten long.  
Dark Blue.

ONE SWALLOW MAKETH NOT A  
SUMMER.

DID she give a tender glance  
When thy tongue refused to speak ?  
Let it not thy bliss enhance,  
Nor for further glances seek;  
One such look from maiden's eye  
Is no pledge of constancy ?

DID she call thee fond or dear,  
Sitting dreamily alone ?  
Drive the echo from thine ear,  
Be not tricked by one sweet tone;  
One such whisper does not prove,  
That she yields thee all her love.

DID she heave a deep-drawn sigh  
When thou bad'st a sad farewell ?  
Did a tear-drop dim her eye ?  
Yield not to the potent spell;  
One such tear or ling'ring sigh  
Proves not she will love for aye.  
Dark Blue.

From The Quarterly Review.  
AUSTRIA SINCE SADOWA.\*

A GOOD deal has been written lately about "New America," and "New Russia," but no one has attempted to give Englishmen anything like a detailed description of New Austria. And yet it would be difficult to point to any country in the course of the world's history which, in the short space of four years, has so completely cast away old traditions and assumed a new political and social character, as this old home of despotism, the last depository of the traditions of the Holy Roman Empire.

Peace politicians may say that a war always does more harm than good to the nations which engage in it. Perhaps it always does, at any rate, morally speaking, to the victors: but that it does not to the vanquished, Austria stands as a living evidence. Finally excluded from Italy and Germany by the campaign of 1866, she has cast aside her dreams of foreign domination, and has set herself manfully to the task of making a nation out of the various conflicting nationalities over which she presides. It does not require much insight to perceive that as long as she held her position in Germany this fusion was hopeless. The overwhelming preponderance of the German element made any approach to a reciprocity of interests impossible. The Germans always were regarded as sovereigns, the remaining nationalities as subjects; it was for these to command, for those to obey. In like manner, it was impossible for the Austrian Government to establish a mutual understanding with a population which felt itself attracted—alike by the ties of race, language, and geographical position—to another political union. Nay more, as long as the occupation of the Italian provinces remained as a blot on the Imperial escutcheon, it was impossible for the Gov-

ernment to command any genuine sympathy from any of its subjects. But with the close of the war with Prussia these two difficulties—the relations with Germany and the relations with Italy—were swept away. From this time forward Austria could appear before the world as a Power binding together for the interests of all, a number of petty nationalities, each of which was too feeble to maintain a separate existence. In short, from the year 1866 Austria had a *raison d'être*, whereas before she had none.

It is proposed in the following remarks, first to describe Austria as she was after Sadowa; secondly, to give an account of the main events which have accomplished her political transformation; thirdly, to describe her as she is, and to glance at the probabilities of the future which awaits her.

A short preliminary account of the complicated political machinery obtaining in Austria will be necessary, inasmuch as ignorance on this point would render much of what is to follow unintelligible. Briefly then, the Empire is divided into a number of provinces, and the population of each province into three groups or classes. The first group consists of the great landlords (*Grossgrundbesitzer*), the second of the commercial men belonging to the towns, markets, and trade-guilds, the third of the inhabitants of the country parishes (*Landgemeinde*). Each of these groups has the privilege of electing a certain number of members to the provincial Parliament (*Landtag*). To take a typical instance (for the proportions vary in the different provinces), in Bohemia the great landlords elect 70 members, the towns and markets 87, and the country parishes 79. In addition to this, the archbishop and bishops of each province sit in the Landtag by right of office. The great landlords elect their members, as a rule, *en masse*; the remaining two groups are divided into a number of voting-divisions, each of which has the right of electing a certain definite number of members. Thus the country parishes are grouped together into political circles (*Wahlbezirke*), and each circle elects one member. The competence of the Landtag is two-fold. They are (1)

\* 1. *Das Reichsgesetzblatt*. Wien.

2. *Oesterreich und die Burgenschaften seines Bestandes*. Von Dr. Adolph Fischhof. Wien, 1870.

3. *Federation oder Realunion*. Von Dr. W. Lustkaudl. Wien, 1870.

4. *Des Oesterreichers Grundrechte und Verfassung*. Wien, 1868.

5. *Oesterreich seit dem Falle Belcredi's*. "Unsere Zeit." Vol. V. Nos. 2, 4, 9, 12, 15.

supreme in certain questions of local administration; (2) they elect from their own body members for the Reichsrath, or central Parliament, which meets in Vienna. The method of election is as follows. The three groups or classes are all represented by certain fixed numbers. Thus, in Bohemia, the great landlords send 15, the towns 20, and the parishes 19 members to the Reichsrath. But the members of the three groups do not respectively choose their own delegates. The whole Landtag votes in each case, but its election is confined, as the case may be, to one of the groups. This group-system was the invention of Schmerling, who was Premier in 1861, and its object was to give an artificial preponderance to the landlords, whose votes were most easily influenced by Court persuasion. The Reichsrath consists of an Upper and Lower House (*Herren-und Abgeordneten haus*). The Upper House contains (1) a number of hereditary peers of different ranks, (2) the Prince-Cardinals and Archbishops of the Empire, (3) a certain number of life-peers, among whom may be found well-known statesmen, lawyers, generals, poets, &c. The Lower House contains 203 members—a certain definite number being elected by the Landtag of each province, Bohemia sending 54, Galicia 38, Moravia 22, Lower Austria 18, &c.

Perhaps no country since the days of the late Roman Empire ever found itself in a more wretched condition than Austria in the winter of 1866. An ecclesiastical despotism had for years crushed all the free thought of the nation; a civil despotism had crushed all its political life, and had now added to its many sins the crowning sin of a crushing military failure. Popular education was by legal sanction in the hands of the priests: there was no Ministerial responsibility. Parliament had lost control even of the public purse; and a heavy deficit threatened national bankruptcy. In addition to these evils the different nationalities, which had hitherto been kept in order by the sword, showed open signs of revolution, and the weak policy of Belcredi's Ministry had neither the strength to control, nor the sagacity to pacify them.

It was under these auspices that Baron Beust, on the 7th of February, 1867, took office under Franz Joseph. His programme may be stated as follows. He saw that the day of centralism and imperial unity was gone past recall, and that the most liberal Constitution in the world would never reconcile the nationalities to their present position, as provinces under the always detested and now despised Empire. But then came the question—Granted that a certain disintegration is inevitable, how far is his disintegration to go? Beust proposed to disarm the opposition of the leading nationality by the gift of an almost complete independence, and, resting on the support thus obtained, to gain time for conciliating the remaining provinces by building up a new system of free government.

It would be out of place to give a detailed account of the well-known measure which converted the "Austrian empire" into the "Austro-Hungarian monarchy." It will be necessary, however, to describe the additions made by it to the political machinery. The Hungarian Reichstag was constructed on the same principle as the Austrian Reichsrath. It was to meet in Pesth, as the Reichsrath at Vienna, and was to have its own responsible ministers. From the members of the Reichsrath and Reichstag respectively were to be chosen annually sixty delegates to represent Cisleithanian and sixty to represent Hungarian interests—twenty being taken in each case from the Upper, forty from the Lower House. These two "Delegations," whose votes were to be taken, when necessary, collectively, though each Delegation sat in a distinct chamber, owing to the difference of language, formed the Supreme Imperial Assembly, and met alternate years at Vienna and Pesth. They were competent in matters of foreign policy, in military administration, and in Imperial finance. At their head stood three Imperial ministers—the Reichskanzler, who presided at the Foreign Office, and was *ex officio* Prime Minister; the Minister of War, and the Minister of Finance. These three ministers were independent of the Reichsrath and Reichstag, and could only be dismissed by a



vote of want of confidence on the part of the Delegations.

The "Ausgleich" or scheme of federation with Hungary is, no doubt, much open to criticism, both as a whole and in its several parts. It must always be borne in mind that administratively and politically it was a retrogression. At a time in which all other European nations — notably North Germany — were simplifying and unifying their political systems, Austria was found doing the very reverse. It is easy to point out the inconvenience of a state of things which makes an annual transfer of the seat of Government necessary, and forces the Imperial Parliament and Ministry to reside every other year at a distance from the Ambassadors of the foreign Courts. It might be urged that it was foolish to gratify Hungarian vanity by making a second capital, and absurd to have no single chamber where members of each kingdom could debate in common on subjects of Imperial interest. The true answer to these objections is, that the measure of 1867 was constructed to meet a practical difficulty. Its end was not the formation of a symmetrical system of government, but the pacification of Hungary. The Magyars, who with their feudal institutions and commercial backwardness are still semi-barbarians, required the concession of the capital as a sign and symbol of their independence. They refused to admit the constitution of a supreme Imperial assembly, because they foresaw that German would be spoken in such an assembly, and were unwilling to own the superiority of the German to the Magyar tongue. Hence the justification of these and similar irrational clauses of the measure is first their necessity, and secondly their success. Before 1867 Hungary was a discontented province, kept in order by German troops: it is now the most contented and patriotic part of the empire.

The only part of the scheme which is open to really serious objection is the financial part. In this question the Hungarians must be considered as having made an unworthy use of their strong political position. In 1867 the Austrian national debt amounted to 3046 million florins, the yearly interest being 127 mil-

lions. To this large interest the Hungarians, who plaintively urged that the virgin credit of the new kingdom must not start with a burden greater than it was able to bear, refused to contribute more than 29 1-5 millions. Throughout the negotiations they persisted in putting the question, not what it was just that Hungary should pay, but what Hungary, with advantage to herself and without injury to her political future, could pay. Through this concession the remaining provinces were burdened with a debt which they were positively unable to meet, and the Hungarians must be held mainly answerable for the disastrous repudiation of 1868, of which they had ingeniously avoided the direct responsibility.

It was further provided that from January, 1868, to December, 1877, the military and other common expenses connected with the Foreign and Finance Department should be defrayed by the two halves of the empire, in very different proportions. Cisleithania was to pay 70, Hungary only 30 per cent. Thus the latter was put in possession of half the power in the Imperial system, with less than a third of the burdens attaching to that power.

Of the defects which have been noticed in the dual system — viz., the double capital, the absence of a single supreme Parliament, and the financial anomaly — it may be observed that the second only is irremediable. As confidence in the Government increases, it may well be hoped that the Hungarians themselves will recognize the inconvenience of a double administrative centre and the uselessness of a financial prerogative, which, inasmuch as it lacks its due counterpart of financial responsibility, could never be practically exercised without leading to discontent, if not to revolution.

From this point the internal history of the two halves of the empire flows in two different channels. Graf Andrássy, the Hungarian Premier, had a comparatively easy task before him. There were several reasons for this. In the first place, the predominance of the Magyars in Hungary was more assured than that of the Germans in Cisleithania. It is true that they numbered only 5,000,000 out of the 16,

000,000 inhabitants; but in these 5,000,000 were included almost all the rank, wealth, and intelligence of the country. Hence they formed in the Reichstag a compact and homogeneous majority, under which the remaining Slovaks and Croats soon learnt to range themselves. In the second place, Hungary had the great advantage of starting in a certain degree afresh. Her government was not bound by the traditional policy of former Vienna ministries, and by the manoeuvre we have noticed it had managed to keep its financial credit unimpaired. In the third place, as those who are acquainted with Hungarian history well know, Parliamentary institutions had for a long time flourished in Hungary. Indeed the Magyars, who among their many virtues can hardly be credited with the virtue of humility, assert that the world is mistaken in ascribing to England the glory of having invented representative government, and claim this glory for themselves. Hence one of the main difficulties with which the Cisleithanian Government had to deal was already solved for Graf Andrássy and his colleagues.

For this reason, it will be the main object of the following pages to describe the birth and growth of political freedom on the Austrian side of the Leitha, the parallel events that took place in Hungary being merely introduced by way of contrast and illustration.

The Reichsrath which met on May 22, 1867, was, in every way one of the most memorable in the history of Austria. Each of the members then assembled must have felt that their country was in the midst of a terrible crisis, and that it depended mainly on their exertions to save that country from ruin. The speech from the throne, after expressing a hope that the scheme of federation with Hungary would be sanctioned by the House, announced the intention of the Government to re-establish ministerial responsibility and to bring the military department once more under the authority of Parliament. The Reichsrath's first fight was with the generals. It will hardly be credited that a colossal scheme for the fortification of Vienna the cost of which would amount to a million and a half of our money, had been set on foot by the Commander-in-chief without a word of consultation with the representatives of the people. Baron Becke, the new Minister of War, declared openly in the House that he was first made acquainted with the proceedings by the public journals. Austrian Constitutional-

ism may be said to date from the day that Beust, now feeling he had a Parliament to back him, summarily stopped the works and abolished the College of General-Adjutants, an institution which for many years had defied Parliament and rendered liberal government an impossibility.

The House then proceeded to pass three most important measures. The first related to the "Oetroyirung" (*i. e.*, carrying over the head of the Parliament) of laws by the Emperor. It was ordained that, for the future, every octroyirung should be made under the responsibility of the Ministry; 2, that no such measure should have the power of setting aside any fundamental law of the state (*Staatsgrundgesetz*), of imposing any fresh burden on the taxpayers, or alienating public property; 3, that any such measure should become null and void if it were not notified within four weeks after the meeting of the Reichsrath. Thus the sting was utterly taken out of this old instrument of military despotism.

The law relating to ministerial responsibility appears, to an English mind at any rate, a somewhat curious piece of legislation. It was chiefly aimed at preventing the interference of the peers, it being evidently held that the condemnation of a minister in the Lower House could be annulled by the refusal of the Upper House to endorse the vote. It provided for the erection of a permanent tribunal, consisting of twelve members, elected by each House, not from their own midst, but from the ordinary judges and State-lawyers, before which tribunal either House had the power of bringing any member of the Ministry on a distinct charge to be set forth in the indictment. It was further provided that a charge brought against a minister and supported by two-thirds of either House should suffice to suspend the minister *ipso facto* from his office. Thus there was no recognition of the "solidarity" of the Cabinet, and nothing but a distinct offence was held as sufficient ground for removing a minister from power.\* The depth to which Parliamentary government had sunk is told more expressively by the mere statement of this law than by the most elaborate description.

\* This law is probably borrowed from the American constitution, which secures to the President a certain fixed period of office, while subjecting him to the possibility of impeachment. It is needless to point out that it is properly inconsistent with the English system of Cabinet government.

The third law concerned the freedom of public meeting. It provided that every political club (*verein*) should notify to the magistrate the nature and object of the club, the names and number of its members, as also the place and time at which each of its meetings was to be held. Further, it gave the Government power to break up any society or meeting, the object of which was "inconsistent with the public safety or the public good." This last clause was added by request of the Cabinet, which declared that, without some such powers, it would be impossible to offer the requisite resistance to the feudal-clerical opposition in Bohemia. Within these limits, no obstacles were offered to the formation of political clubs or the holding of public meetings.

So far the proceedings of the Reichsrath had run smoothly enough. But all the true friends of freedom in Austria felt that there still existed one fatal obstacle to all their patriotic endeavours. As long as the Concordat formed part of the law of the land, the priests had it in their power to check the free development of the nation in the very bud, and to talk of freedom was a mere mockery. There were two ways of dissolving the unholy treaty with Rome. Either the Concordat could be directly abrogated and a new set of laws introduced affirming the equality of all religions and sects in the eyes of the State, or a series of half measures might be passed through the Reichsrath, which, by laying down principles inconsistent with the Concordat, would gradually encroach on the ecclesiastical prerogative, and render the former position of the priests untenable. The objection to the first course, which was in every other way preferable, was its impracticability. The Reichsrath could not have commanded a majority for so radical a measure, still less could the nation be expected to endorse it. Hence the proposition of the veteran Mühlfeld was rejected, and the abstract motion of Dr. Herbst, affirming the expediency of new laws to regulate the action of the State on the three subjects of marriage, education, and religion, was carried by a majority of 134 — 22. So ended this eventful session.

It was well that Parliament had not adjourned before declaring — in principle at any rate — its willingness to grant the people religious freedom; for this act of theirs encouraged an expression of popular feeling during the vacation which greatly strengthened the hands of the ministers. On the 5th of September, a monster meet-

ing of 1500 schoolmasters, from all parts of Austria, was held in Vienna, in which it was resolved, that for the proper attainment of their ends in the cause of education, a complete independence from the authority of the Church was requisite. There is reason to believe that, if the Government had taken the necessary steps, they might have found support from an unexpected quarter, namely, from the lower clergy. It is said that at this time there was not an editor in Vienna whose office was not daily flooded with letters from these poor men, who were bound by the Concordat to a state of the most abject servitude under their superiors. No one, however, but Mühlfeld was found brave enough to propose the liberation of the inferior priests, and the abrogation of the law conferring legal immunity on the bishops.

On the 23rd of September, the Reichsrath commenced its autumn sitting, and at once proceeded to appoint a Committee to draw up measures for the reconstitution of the laws affecting marriage and education. The new Marriage Law provided, 1, that the jurisdiction in all questions affecting marriage should be transferred from the priestly to the ordinary civil tribunals; 2, that if a priest refused to perform the rite of marriage (as *e. g.*, when man and wife were of two different religions), the civil magistrate, after acquainting himself with the refusal of the priest, should himself sanction and register the union of the couple. The new School Law gave over the management of all religious teaching to the Church or religious society in question, but ordained that all other subjects taught in the schools should be made entirely independent of their influence; 2, it provided that all schools maintained by the State, the provincial, or municipal authorities should be open to all citizens without distinction of religion; 3, that the office of schoolmaster should be open to any candidate who had proved his competence in an examination to be appointed by the State; 4, that all funds held by the State for the purposes of education, except where a reservation had been made by the testator, should be applied to their end without prejudice in favour of any religious sect; 5, that schoolboards should be appointed in every district (*Bezirke*) and parish for the carrying-out of the above regulations, and that the organization of these boards was to be left to the Landtage. This last unfortunate clause did much to neutralize the effects of the whole law, by opening a door to

clerical opposition in the provincial assemblies. Through its baneful operation much of the measure has, up to the present time, remained a dead letter.

The House then undertook the task of drawing up a number of fundamental State-laws (*Staatsgrundgesetze*), which were to constitute the Magna Charta of the Austrian citizen. These laws are four in number, and the first is divided into twenty articles. It would be beyond the scope of this essay to give the details of these laws. But a glance may be cast at the most important of them, and the main alterations effected by them in the constitution.

Law I. Article 2 declares "All citizens are equal in the eyes of the law." This infringes Article 14 of the Concordat, which gives immunity to the bishops, and provides that a priest condemned by a court of law shall undergo his punishment in a house of ecclesiastical discipline. Article 3 declares "All public offices are open to all citizens." Before the passing of this law a non-Catholic could not be appointed to any of the regular University chairs, and a Jew was ineligible to the bench of judges. Article 4 gives every tax-paying citizen in a given parish the right of vote in the municipal elections. Hitherto the "*Gemeindegenossen*" i. e., temporary inhabitants, were excluded from voting. It further declares that the freedom of migration is only restricted by the duty of service in the army. This provision was to prevent wholesale migrations from the country in the case of war being proclaimed. Article 5 asserts the competency of Parliament to restrict, in the interest of the public weal, the right of inheritance, and to dispose of inherited property as it shall think fit. This is directed against Article 29 of the Concordat, which provides that the property of the Church is its own for ever, and cannot be alienated without consent of the Pope. Article 8 — the Austrian Habeas Corpus — declares the freedom of every citizen's person. A citizen, viz., can only be properly apprehended after a magisterial sentence. If confined under suspicion for more than forty-eight hours, the official responsible for the confinement is liable to a fine or imprisonment. Article 9 declares the freedom of every citizen in his own house. A private house can only be searched on the authority of a magisterial \*

warrant. Article 10 provides that no private letter may be opened without express sanction of a magistrate or in case of war. Article 11 gives to every recognized corporation or society the right of petition. This restriction of the right of petition is justified on the plea that, without it, an insignificant minority might represent its views as those of the community in a given parish or province. Article 12 guarantees the freedom of public meeting under the restrictions of the law passed November, 1867; Article 13 the freedom of the press. The text of this article runs as follows: — "Every citizen has the right to express freely his opinions in word or writing within the limits laid down by law. The Press may not be subjected to censorship, nor have its rights restricted by any system of concessions." This requires some explanation. By "censorship" is meant condemnation of a book or journal before it has been published. It is still open to the magistrate to "confiscate" any book, or any number of a newspaper which contains false news or unconstitutional articles. The difference is that, before the law, a writer could be condemned unheard; now, "confiscation" must be based on a distinct charge, from which there may be a subsequent appeal. Article 16 declares the right of any religious society, not recognized by law, to hold meetings in a private house: Article 17 the freedom of science and education from religious trammels. Article 19 — the Magna Charta of the minor nationalities — declares, "All nationalities under the dominion of the State have equal rights. Each different race has the right to preserve its own nationality and language. The State recognizes all languages spoken in a given province as equal in the public schools, the public offices, and public life generally. Where more than one language is spoken the authorities are to provide that each citizen receives the requisite State assistance for education in his own tongue, without being forced to learn any other."

The remaining three State ground-laws are of less importance. The second was aimed at the ecclesiastical tribunals established by the Concordat. It ordained that all jurisdiction should be administered for the future in the name of the Kaiser by officers appointed directly by him. The third provided that every officer of the State should swear obedience on entering office to the State laws in question. The fourth instituted a supreme judicial court, "*Reichsgericht*," which was to be a final

\* The word magisterial is used in preference to judicial as a translation for "*richterlich*." But it must be remembered that magistrates in the English sense do not exist in Austria. These "*Richter*" are rather under-judges.

court of appeal in all questions arising (1) between the judicial and executive bodies; (2) between the Landtage and the central executive; (3) between two Landtage of separate provinces; (4) between Landtag and Reichsrath.

Finally a law, "Reichsgesetz," was passed defining the constitution and competence of the various legislative bodies. The delegations were to be competent in all questions affecting the relations of the empire with foreign countries, whether diplomatic or commercial. Secondly, they were to have the direction of the imperial military system. Thirdly, they were to have the control of all the finances requisite for these purposes. The Cisleithanian Delegation was to be constituted after the fashion of a federal assembly. That is to say, the Reichsrath was not to choose directly the sixty best men it could nominate for the purpose; but each nationality represented was to elect a given number of members. Thus the deputation of the Bohemian Landtag was to choose ten delegates, that of the Moravian seven, and so on.

The Reichsrath reserved to itself the following powers: (1) of voting the men required for the army (*Recrutenbewilligungsrecht*); (2) of voting the supplies for the army and foreign office; (3) the right of examining and accepting diplomatic or commercial treaties signed by the authority of the delegates; (4) the regulation of the schools, universities, the press, public meetings, the mint, sanitary laws, police-courts, courts of justice, postal, telegraphic, and railway systems, and a few other subjects of less importance. Everything else was left to the Landtage.

A short criticism of this remarkable law will not be thought out of place. One is at first inclined to characterize the whole scheme as an ingenious arrangement for making government impossible. The system sanctions the existence of twenty-one\* Parliaments; namely, eighteen Landtage, a Reichsrath, and the two Delegations, which, by a slight stretch of the imagination, may, perhaps, be regarded as one body. Each of these Parliaments has a sphere of its own, in which it is completely independent of the rest. Nay, more; each is provided with the means of most effectually paralyzing the action of the other. Let us take a few instances. The delegations may declare so many men necessary for the defence of the country, and so

much money requisite for their maintenance. The Reichsrath may refuse to grant the men or the supplies, or both. Again, the Reichsrath may make general arrangements for the management of the schools, the Landtage may refuse to carry them out. Again, the Landtage may make regulations of their own, the Reichsrath may refuse to give them the money to bring them into effect. The only Parliament which represents the unity of the state has not the power of voting a man or a kreuzer; the only ministers which represent the unity of the State (viz., the three Reichsminister) are not responsible to the body which votes the supplies. The wonder is not that such a system should fail to work smoothly, but that it should succeed in working at all.

But there is another side to the picture. A constitution is not built in a day, least of all in a State composed as Austria is composed. It must not be forgotten that the December constitution, as it is called, was Austria's first honest attempt to combine State-unity with popular freedom. The great Kaiser, Joseph II., had spent a lifetime in striving to weld together the heterogeneous elements of the empire by mechanical means, but was forced on his death-bed to confess that his labours had been in vain. After the popular movements of 1848 the Vienna statesman, Bach, took in hand the same task. With an army of soldiers and officials he strove to convert Austria into a centralized State after the pattern of modern France, but two days — the days of Magenta and Solferino — undid the painful work which it had taken ten years to build up. What Bach had attempted to attain by absolutism, Schmerling tried to accomplish by a pretended appeal to the popular voice. This statesman knew that the provinces were inveterately opposed to all schemes of centralization, and that no direct appeal to the country could give him a parliamentary majority pledged to any such scheme. He therefore contrived, by means of his famous system of groups, to obtain a fictitious parliamentary majority, while, by a strict censorship of the press and prohibition of public meeting, he silenced all extra-parliamentary complaints. The refusal of the Hungarians and Croats to sit in a House thus constituted at last brought this Rump Parliament into contempt, and after a reign of four years, the February constitution came to an untimely end. Then followed the so-called Sistrungs-period,\* when the policy of central-

\* This is exclusive of the three parliaments of the other half of the empire; the Reichstag and the Hungarian and Croatian Landtage.

\* I.e., the period when the February constitution,



ization was given up without anything being put in its place, a policy which succeeded in irritating all parties and satisfying none, presided over by a man whose weak concessions gave more annoyance than the hostile measures of his predecessors. Finally, in the spring of 1867, Beust came into power, and the new constitution which has been described in the above sketch was brought into existence. This constitution, while retaining the group-system of voting, throws away the other crutches on which the February constitution had rested. It neither bids for the corrupt support of the Church, nor puts an undue pressure on the liberty of the press and of public meeting. It is centralizing in spirit without being despotic in origin.

Before criticizing it, then, too harshly, we must consider the immense difficulty of the problem it attempts to solve. Austria is composed of a number of small nations, several of which, as *e.g.*, Bohemia and Hungary, have separate histories of their own, and none of which, if we except the two central counties of Austria proper, are bound to the rest by any ties but those of common interest. No bonds of blood, of language, or of literature, bind the German to the Czech or Slovenian. The several provinces are inspired by a warm provincial patriotism, but of a common Austrian patriotism there is none. In addition to these the cause of centralization is inextricably bound up in the minds of the whole non-German population with the cause of despotism. The vast majority know of no freedom but local freedom, and view even a constitutional Reichsrath as an instrument for the suppression of their local rights. This is enough to show the delicacy of the task which the statesmen of 1867 took in hand. How far they succeeded will be seen from the succeeding narrative. But before entering on the history of the great fight between the centralists and autonomists, which commenced in the autumn of 1868, and the end of which is not yet, it will be well to conduct the campaign with the clerical party to its close.

In the spring of 1868 the Reichsrath again met, and the Upper House took in hand the marriage and education laws, which had passed the Lower House in the preceding session. The public took the greatest interest in the debate, as the fate of the Concordat was supposed to depend

on the acceptance or rejection of these laws. Not only the galleries and the stairs, but the streets leading to the House, were filled with an excited crowd, and each member who left the chamber was breathlessly questioned by the people outside "wie unsere Sachen oben stehen?" The following interesting account of this famous three days' debate is extracted from the German review "Unsere Zeit," May number, 1869:—

"The Austrian Herrenhaus has every reason to look back on those three days with pride. It exhibited such a high degree not only of statesmanlike capacity but of speaking power, that the feudal clerical Graf Thun, instead of winning the laurels he expected, received humiliations without number. On the one side were men, who after bending long years under the clerical yoke, were at last able to stand boldly forth before their countrymen and utter the thoughts with which their hearts had long been hot within them.' On the other side were men, who after being supported for years by the Imperial bayonets and the Imperial police, were now left to fight their own battles—to maintain by argument what had before been maintained for them by force. The utter hollowness of the episcopal phrases, contrasted with the complacency with which they were uttered, the triumphant emphasis with which Prince-Cardinal Schwarzenberg, after a faltering speech 'full of vain words signifying nothing,' descended the tribune exclaiming 'Gehört mich gar nicht, wenn die Herren lachen' (the noble lords' laughter won't discompose me) might have seemed fit subject for a comedy, if one could have forgotten the tragedy to which it formed the sequel. . . .

"The division was a drama in itself. It was the afternoon of Saturday, the 21st of March. As each name was called out, there was a breathless silence in the House, and storms of applause arose if the answerer gave his vote against the Concordat, the result being instantly passed from mouth to mouth till it reached the street, where it was received with fresh hurrahs. At last the numbers were known. The motion for adjournment was lost by 65 to 84, and the fate of the Concordat could be said to be sealed. Once more Austria's good genius had prevailed."

The bishops were so disgusted at the results of this division that they refused to appear again during the debates of the session. Hence the marriage law, as well as the school law, were passed by large majorities.

Encouraged by this success the Lower House set to work at the third bill indicated in Herbst's programme, which was to decree the equality of all religions in the eyes of the law "interconfessionelles

without being abrogated, was allowed to fall into abeyance.



Gesetz." This bill provided that, in the case of children whose parents had died without expressing their wishes on the subject, the sons should be brought up in the father's, the daughters in the mother's religion. At the age of fourteen, however, the child was to be allowed to choose for itself. Infidelity was no longer to incapacitate a citizen for inheritance: the preaching of infidel, *i. e.*, unchristian, doctrines no longer to constitute a misdemeanour. No citizen was to be compelled to contribute to the services, or to send his child to the schools, of a church to which he did not belong. No priest was to be able to deny the right of burial to a member of another religious sect in cases where either the family claiming the right had a private vault, or where the churchyard was the only one in the parish. This important law, the last clause of which especially put an end to a series of scandals which had for a long time been a disgrace to the country, was passed without difficulty by both Houses.

In the meantime the bishops had not been idle. Their first attempt was to bring a petition against the three bills to the Kaiser over the heads of the Ministry. Franz Joseph treated this attempt with becoming dignity, by referring the petitioners to his "constitutional advisers." Their next resort was, as might have been expected, to Rome. The Pope determined to make use of all his spiritual weapons, and on the 22nd of June, launched a characteristic allocution at the heads of the Austrian rebels. In this document the three laws in question were denounced as "destructive, abominable, and damnable." "Therefore," so runs the allocution, "on the strength of our Apostolic authority, we anathematize these laws, in particular all such clauses as are directed by the Austrian Government against the rights of the Church: and we declare the laws by virtue of this same authority to be null and void." Popes have often taken foolish and impolitic steps, but it remained for Pope Pius IX. openly to urge the subjects of a Catholic kingdom in the nineteenth century to rebellion against their Government. The allocution proved as unsuccessful as it was gross. It is true that the bishops adhered faithfully to the instructions of their chief. Riccabona of Trient declared that any one who submitted to the May laws was a despiser of the Son of God. Schwarzenberg directed his clergy, in a pastoral letter to the four Bohemian bishops, to refuse confession and absolution to any couple joined by a civil mar-

riage. But the mass of the laity rose up in indignation against the proceedings of the Pope and his advisers. Addresses poured in from every large town in the empire denouncing the Romish pretensions, and expressing sympathy with the Government. In fact the priests defeated their own ends by the extravagance of their measures, and hastened to bring about a crisis which a conciliatory policy might have indefinitely delayed. The final act which closed the campaign between Church and State is known to every one. In July, 1870, Graf Beust abrogated the Concordat.

It is now proposed to pass from the field of clerical agitation to a more important and interesting question. The contest between the Pope and Count Beust could have had but one end. The Pope's pretensions were an anachronism, and the struggle only interests us as illustrating one of the main intellectual movements which characterize the age in which we live. It is otherwise with the question at issue between the federalists and the centralists. It is not too much to say that of all the countries on the face of the earth, Austria is the one which at the present moment offers most to the study of the political philosopher. The statesmen now engaged in reconstructing her have few, if any, precedents to fall back on. If they succeed in their enterprise, they will have solved the most difficult problem of practical politics of which the present century has been a witness.

In order to make good this statement a few statistics will be necessary. Cisleithanian Austria contains a population of 19 millions, of which 6 millions are Germans, while the remaining 11 millions belong to the Slavonian race. In eight of the Austrian provinces, *viz.*, in Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, Krain, Istria, Gorz, Triest, and Dalmatia, the Slaves constitute the large majority of the population. If they were represented in Parliament according to their numbers, 117 of the 203 members of the Reichsrath would be Slaves, the remaining minority of 86 representing the other nationalities. How different the facts of the case are, any one who knows anything of Austrian politics can testify. The question then naturally arises, how is it that these Slaves possess so little political significance? The inquiry admits of many answers. The cause of their political insignificance is to be traced to a peculiar combination of historical, geographical, ethnological, religious, and social circumstances. In the first place, they have

stood almost uniformly in respect of the Italians in Istria and Triest, and in respect of the Germans elsewhere in Austria, in the relation of conquered to conquerors. In the second place, the Slaves are scattered over the face of the empire, the Czechs in the north, the Poles in the east, the Slovenians in the south, and have thus lost the opportunity of political contact. In the third place, they do not all speak the same language nor profess the same religion, the Ruthenians of Galicia *e.g.*, belonging to the Eastern Church. Lastly, they compose for the most part the peasantry of the country, and possess, with the exception of the Poles, no influential middle class and no national nobility.

Of the Austrian Slaves, about 5,000,000 are Czechs, 2,320,000 Poles, 3,000,000 Ruthenians, 1,200,000 Slovenians. To be added to these are 600,000 Italians, and a small number of Rumanians in the Bukowina. All these stocks have a distinct individuality of their own, and many of them, as *e.g.*, the Poles and Czechs, have a past history to look back on.

The Poles are the people which have identified themselves least with the empire to which they belong. The one thought of the Polish patriot is the restoration of his country to its lost rights. At the same time, they have been treated, at least of late years, with great consideration by the Government, and have never carried their opposition to any extreme length. The tie which binds them to Austria is their hatred of Russia. They know that the disintegration of Austria would probably involve their annexation to the hated Russian, and hence their support can be reckoned on in the most perilous questions of foreign politics. The late President of the Cisleithanian Ministry Graf Potocki, is a Pole; the Polish members are treated very much like the Irish members in our Commons, and are left to decide questions of purely Polish policy for themselves; many politicians hope by a coalition between the Germans and Poles to overbear the opposition of the remaining Slaves.

The Czechs, like the Poles, have a certain history of their own. The student of history will remember that Bohemia was originally a settlement of the Marcomanni, a German tribe who migrated there in the 5th century. This Teutonic stock was, however, overflowed towards the close of the same century by a new migration of Slavish tribes, who displaced the original inhabitants in very much the same way as the Saxons displaced the Britons in our

own island. The heads of these tribes formed the beginning of the Czechish nobility. The semi-barbarous Slaves who thus obtained a footing in the country were Christianized and civilized by a new influx of German merchants and German clergy. In process of time the prosperity of these settlers and the favour shown to them by the Kings of Bohemia drew down on them the envy of the Czechs, and in the 16th century began that terrible persecution, which, assuming the form of a religious war between the Hussites and Catholics, in reality was a contest between the two races for the supremacy in Bohemia. The Hussites prevailed, and the Czechs were for a long time dominant. Then came the still more terrible days when the sword of the German Kaiser brought retribution for the blood shed by the Hussites, and reinstated Germanism and Catholicism in their ancient place. Since those times until a comparatively late date the Czechs had much right to consider themselves an oppressed race. The policy of persecution, as is almost always the case, gave fresh life and energy to the nationality which it was its purpose to destroy. Long the Czechs bore their sorrows in secret. At last the revolutionary year of 1848 seemed to offer them fresh hopes of liberation from the yoke under which they chafed. Their ambition was to come forward as the leaders of the Austrian Slaves, and to win for themselves, the Slovenians and Croats, the place in the Austrian constitution to which their numbers entitled them. But the chilling years of Bachian despotism followed, and once more they relapsed, if not into apathy, at least into sullen silence. Then the February constitution once more raised their hopes. In spite of Schmerling's artificial group-system, which procured him a German majority from Bohemia and Moravia, the Czechs took their places in the Reichsrath, hoping, with the help of the Hungarians and Croats, to be able to offer a successful resistance to the Germans. But the Hungarians and Croats, as we have seen, refused to appear, and the Czechs, finding themselves in a hopeless minority, left the Reichsrath, never since then to enter it again. Again the "Sistirungspolitik" of Belcredi raised their hopes. They had secured a majority in the Bohemian and Moravian Landtage, and intended in the extraordinary Parliament to be convoked under that Minister's auspices to enter the campaign against centralism and dualism, reckoning on the support of the Hungarians in their resist-

ance to the centralists, and on the support of the Germans in their resistance to the dualists. Once more they were doomed to be disappointed. Count Beust came into power, and, after passing the "Ausgleich" with Hungary, with the help of a German majority raised by an unsparing use of Court influence and the Schmerlingian groups, reduced them again to an impotent minority. They saw the German party once more victors over the whole line, and once more retreated to their old position of dogged resistance. It was in vain that the December constitution offered them freedom. They refused to eat of the feast which they had had no hand in preparing. It is not our intention to give a detailed account of the modes in which their resistance asserted itself, in the Landtag, in the school, in the press, in the public meeting; it has been deemed sufficient to describe the constitution which was offered them, to attest the discontent with which it was met, and to trace the causes of this discontent.

One thing must be carefully borne in mind by anyone who is really anxious to understand the character of this long quarrel. It does not follow that, because the Germans have generally identified themselves with the party of intellectual and religious progress, this particular political principle which they advocate is a more liberal one than that of their opponents. The love of domination is apt to obscure the judgment of the most impartial minds, and the German race, wise and peaceable as it is for the most part, shares the common failing. A foreigner in Austria is peculiarly apt to be misled in their respect. Almost all the literature that he reads is German, and bears the stamp of the German ideas. He finds the federalists allied with the clerical and reactionary party, he listens to the quaint claims which they prefer on the ground of the "historical" rights of the "kingdom" of Bohemia and the "indefeasible privileges" of the Landtage, he naturally compares the provinces of Austria to the counties, the Landtage to the Municipal Assemblies, of his own country, and decides that the Reichsrath is perfectly right in disallowing such preposterous claims. He is apt to forget that though unity of language and political institutions is an undoubted advantage, the forcible spread of this unity is as undoubted an evil: that freedom is one thing, the forcible propagation even of the freest ideas another. He must strip such phrases as the "Mission of Teutonism," the "superiority of Western civiliza-

tion," of their vague surroundings, and lay bare to view the unlovely realities — the race-domination and race-hatred — which they serve to disguise. Still more must he be on his guard against such phrases, when under the form of a spurious Darwinism, they attempt to assume a philosophical garb. No more flagrant contravention of Nature's principle of selection can be imagined, than a system of persecution, which, instead of gradually substituting higher for lower forms of life, kindles in the decaying forms an artificial vigour, and so counteracts the process which it is its aim to further. The proportion of the Czechs to the Germans in Bohemia and Moravia, says Von Helfert, is actually greater now, after all the efforts of successive Kaisers and Kanzlers, than it was a century ago.

Again it is important not to be misled by those main stumbling-blocks to the formation of an impartial judgment — political analogies. To an Englishman the Austrian-German will reply "We repress the Czechs on the same principle that you repress the Fenians; holding that their wishes cannot be gratified without danger to the general well-being of the empire." To the North-German he will say "The possession of a single administrative and legislative system is as much an advantage for Austria as it is for North-Germany: if you advocate the suppression of your petty dukedoms and principedoms, how can you consistently condemn the abrogation of provincial independence in Austria?" The answer that the federalist might make to these and similar arguments lies on the surface. Unity of administration is only so far good as there exists a unity in the material administered. There can be no universal rule laid down in this question. From certain points of view it would no doubt be an advantage for France and Germany to be governed from a single centre; but there are other points of view from which it would be an unquestionable evil. The question to be considered is, whether there exists in the various nationalities of which Austria is composed a sufficient unity of political purpose to justify the maintenance of a central administration. Apart from this argument, there are many who uphold federalism as the means to a more complete and representative centralism; who consider the establishment of a federal system as the only practical method of ridding the Government of the traditions of German supremacy. A central system, say they, should be the

result of the voluntary cohesion of the political units; the movement which produces it should come from the extremities and not from the centre itself. But under the present régime a movement of this sort is impossible. Give the provinces autonomy and it will not be long before they recognize the advantages of unity.

Turning now from the general question at issue between the two parties, let us ask what are the practical claims put forward by the Austrian Slaves and their chief spokesmen the Czechs? They ask first of all for the abolition of the Schmerlingian group-system, the natural and almost necessary result of which would be the election of a Slavish majority to the Reichsrath, and the establishment by this majority of a federal constitution—a constitution indeed which in such an event the Germans would be the first to demand. Then comes the main difficulty. The Germans urge with much force that the Landtag dominated by a Slavish majority would in all probability make a tyrannical use of their new power, and treat the Germans very much worse than the Germans had treated them. Dr. Fischhof proposes to obviate this difficulty in the following manner. Either, he says, the Landtag might be divided into two different chambers for the two prevailing nationalities, and each chamber be given in certain questions a power of vetoing the resolutions of the other: or, the representatives of the two nationalities might debate in common, but vote in separate curies, the sanction of each cury being necessary for the carrying of certain laws. He proposes to restrict the right of separate voting to questions connected with education and language.

The "tyranny of the majority" in the Reichsrath would be obviated according to his plan still more simply. He would turn the Upper House into a Senate on the American principle. Each province would here have an equal voice. The Lower House would then be no longer chosen indirectly, through the Landtage, but directly by the people themselves, while each Landtag would send an equal number of members to the Upper House. As it happens, in eight of the seventeen provinces of Cisleithania there is a majority of Germans, so that the preponderance of the Slaves in the Lower House would be checked by the almost equal balance of power in the Upper House. The two Houses would thus to use De Tocqueville's words, respectively represent the

principles of population and of federation.

It is not very probable that any so radical scheme will be adopted for the present by the Austrian Parliament. And yet the existing state of things is perilous in the extreme, and evidently calls for some heroic remedy. The centralist Ministry, which took office after the passing of the "Ausgleich" with Hungary, succumbed in the winter of 1869 to the opposition of the Czechs and the Poles. Though commanding a majority in the Reichsrath, they represented the minority of the nation, and their government was an anomaly. Graf Potocki, the Pole, was then appointed Minister-President. His intention was to carry a gradual scheme of federation, beginning with Galicia. But he failed to conciliate the Czechs, who showed no wish to help the Poles to a liberty which they were not sure of securing for themselves afterwards. Hence the Government was left in a hopeless minority, for the German party, with a culpable want of patriotism, refused to support Potocki, and passed in the autumn of 1870 a vote of want of confidence against the Ministry. The Kaiser and Count Beust were involved in an apparently inextricable dilemma. Government by the majority, and government by the minority of the Reichsrath, had both been tried in the balances, and been found wanting. There ensued an interregnum of eight weeks. At last the list of new ministers, which had been kept completely secret till the morning of publication, was published in the "Wiener Zeitung." The list contained the names of a number of hitherto unknown men. Not a single member of the new government had ever sat in the Reichsrath or the Landtag, and two of them were born Czechs. The scheme was ingeniously planned to meet the two main difficulties of the situation—the party hostility of the centralists, and the opposition of the Czechs. But the German party, though incapable of governing themselves, seem determined to allow no one else to govern but themselves. The measure of Count Hohenwart, the Minister-President, which proposed to confer a modified liberty of initiative on the Landtage, has lately been rejected in a full house, and matters rest as they were.

What is the remedy for these things? Government with the present Reichsrath is evidently impossible. To an outside observer, there appears to be but one straightforward policy which would cut the knot. Let the Kaiser pass a decree

abolishing the group-method of voting, dissolve the Reichsrath, and trust to the good sense and patriotism of the electors. The result of this would probably be the return to Parliament of an autonomist majority, which would help the Government to carry a number of measures for the conciliation of the Slavish populations. The latter have at present, in addition to their parliament grievances, several grounds of discontent. They complain, for instance, that the clause of the first State ground-law, enacting the equality of all nationalities and languages in the eyes of the law, is a mere dead letter. Unlike the remaining clauses of the law, it pronounced nothing but the abstract principle, and has not been followed up by the definite regulations necessary to make it effective. Hence they urge that the Reichsrath was only half-sincere in inserting it. They ask that the State should come forward and encourage the foundation of universities and high-schools, where the Czechish, Slovenian, Polish, Servian, and Rumanian tongues may be scientifically studied. At the same time, they ask that the judges and other State officials should make use in all public transactions of the language spoken by the majority of the population. A nation, says Dr. Fischhof, can only be cultivated and civilized through the medium of its own tongue. If you wish to win over the Slaves to German culture, you will defeat your own ends by forcing on them the use of a foreign idiom. Prepare the soil first in the only way in which it can be rightly prepared, and it will welcome and assimilate for itself the riches of German science and literature. These require no force to recommend them to the world; the employment of force implies a doubt of their intrinsic value.

But the Germans are opposed to these changes, and the Kaiser is naturally unwilling to alienate the sympathies of the race which forms, after all, the backbone of the empire. At the present moment especially, the victories of their Northern brothers, and the prestige which has gathered round the German name, makes them less than ever inclined to bend the neck to the whims of their semi-barbarous fellow-subjects. Austrian statesmen see only too plainly that the link which binds the German population to the monarchy is but a slight one, and will not bear any excessive strain. It is worth while to consider what are the chances, and what would be the results, of an annexation of the German provinces by the newly

founded empire. At present the relations existing between the two courts are the most amicable, and it seems improbable that Prince Bismarck is meditating any aggressive move. The feeling, too, of the German inhabitants of Vienna and the principal towns is on the whole distinctly averse to the transference of allegiance from Kaiser Franz Joseph to Kaiser Wilhelm. They have tasted the sweets of liberty, and feel little attraction to the iron system of Berlin. On the other hand, it is unquestionable that the dominant party in Germany look forward with a sort of hungry impatience to the time when the black, red, and white flag shall be planted on the Hofburg of Vienna. It is the fashion among these politicians to talk of Austria as a hopelessly demoralized country, which nothing less than the rigid rule of Prussia could restore to healthy life. Indeed, Berlin and Vienna are complete contrasts: it is no wonder that they should fail to understand one another. On the one side we see civil absorbed in military life, a feudal aristocracy, an almost Puritanic rigidity of manners; on the other side a sociable bourgeoisie, genial manners, a free and almost licentious press. It may be presumed that the time has not yet come for the incorporation of the old Kaiser-city in the empire of the North. Such an incorporation would be really harmful to the cause of European civilization. The Germans of Bohemia and the two Austrias act as a sort of political rallying-point for the inchoate civilizations which enclose them. It would be a pity if they abandoned this quasi-colonial task imposed on them. Without them the Czechs, Slovenians, Ruthenians, &c., would be incapable of holding together, and would fall a prey sooner or later to the clutches of Russia. But with their help Austria may look forward to a glorious future. The Christian populations lying to the south-east of Hungary are utterly incapable of governing themselves, and the task of their political reconstruction could be entrusted most properly to Austria. But before any such schemes can become possible, she must set her own house in order. To this end a certain amount of self-sacrifice is required on the part of the Germans, and a cheerful co-operation on the part of the remaining nationalities. The main home difficulties which threaten the monarchy have been already described. The dangers which threaten it from without are merely, as it were, the mirror and counterpart of those which threaten it from within. Russia is



only so far dangerous, as she can serve as the rallying-point for the discontent of the Austrian Slaves. The aim of the Austrian statesman should be to make the old empire a home where the mixed nationalities of central Europe may enjoy peace, prosperity, and freedom. Such a policy will be the surest safeguard against the intrigues of the Panslavists and Orthodoxists of Moscow. It has been shown that patriotism of the ordinary kind — the patriotism which rests on communities of blood, literature, and national history — cannot be expected in Austria. The time

has gone by when patriotism could be based on the pride of a common army, and fomented by continuous acts of successful military aggression. What remaining idea is there that may serve as an element of cohesion to the Austrian peoples? The idea of common rights and a common freedom, and the knowledge that these rights and this freedom can only be secured against the attacks of foreign absolutism by the union which is strength, and the subservience of a multiplicity of wills to a common object, which is unity.

THE account which has been published of the terrible ravages caused by the plague in Buenos Ayres, reads like so many pages from the description of the Great Plague in London. During the months of March and April last the city was almost entirely deserted, everyone who could flee into the country. The deaths increased from the daily average of 120 in January to 640 on the 4th of April and 720 on the 5th, whilst on the 6th of April 500 entries at the cemetery were registered up to noon. From this time, owing to the exodus of people, the ravages of the plague began to diminish, and there is every reason now to hope that it may soon be stamped out. In one cemetery alone 20,000 corpses were buried, and for this purpose large trenches were dug, in which the bodies, some coffined, but many merely swathed in their bed clothes, were shot out of carts and quickly covered with lime. Attempts of all sorts were made to stay the plague, but unavailing, and whilst the native doctors fled the spot, to the credit of the few English medical men there, it is universally allowed that they worked most nobly and disinterestedly through all the terrible time. We read of "coffins being hawked about the streets, while empty carts touted for their silent passengers; of people stricken with fever deserted by their friends and relations and even their children, and left to die without medical attendance or even food and water; of the shrieks and cries of delirious patients that made night hideous; and of the corpses that were constantly found by passers-by in the early morning of people who had been seized with the death agony in the streets during the night time." The cause of all this horror and misery is described as purely local, and due to the total absence of drainage and the terrible overcrowding of the houses and localities where the poor reside, and the long continued neglect of the most ordinary sanitary precautions. Surely this is a terrible lesson to those who wilfully and criminally neglect the reiterated teachings of science.

Nature.

We take the following summary, which may serve to some extent as an aid to memory, from an essay by Heinrich Blankenburg on the Second Empire (printed in *Unser Zeit*). In eighty years — 1791-1870 — France has had fifteen Constitutions:—

1. That of 3rd September, 1791, which lasted fifteen months.
2. Of 24th June, 1793, fifteen months (ended with the fall of Robespierre).
3. Of 19th Vendémiaire, 2nd year of the Republic, three months.
4. Of 14th Frimaire, the same year, fifteen months.
5. Of 4th Fructidor, 3rd year (Directory), four and a half years.
6. Of 22nd Brimaire, 7th year (First Consulate), two years.
7. Of Thermidor, 10th year (Second Consulate), two years.
8. Of 23rd Floreal, 12th year (First Empire), ten years.
9. Of April, 1814, three months.
10. Of 4th June, 1814 (La Charte), nine months.
11. Of 22nd March, 1815 (Hundred days), two months.
12. Of 7th July, 1815 (Restoration), fifteen years.
13. Of 6th August, 1830 (Louis Philippe), eighteen years.
14. Of 12th November, 1848 (Second Republic), two years.
15. Of 14th January, 1852 (Second Empire), nine years.

Sundry embryonic Governments which never attained the maturity of a Constitution are omitted, as are also the last reforms of the Second Empire and the experiment now in progress. Lest, however, we should be overmuch disposed to boast over the instability of Gallic institutions, let us remember that in the same space of eighty years only two European Monarchies have remained without internal change of consequence — Prussia and Denmark. All the others have undergone either violent changes of dynasty, or interruptions of succession, or reconstitution — Great Britain by the union with Ireland, Austria by its conversion from a Centralized into a Federal State.

Pall Mall.



From Saint Pauls.  
JEANNE DUPONT.

## I.

ONE evening in the autumn of 1870 there were heavy hearts both in St. Roque and in the little village of Laborde. The demand was everywhere for fresh soldiers. A levy had been raised in St. Roque and its neighbourhood, and the chosen men were already on their way to join the French army.

Baptiste Lenord had been passed over more than once since the beginning of the war; he was the only son of a widowed mother, and war even respects this claim. But defeat and disaster modified rules and overlooked exemptions. The capture of Sedan had given the first shock to the confidence of the people. At this last levy it was asserted that Madame Lenord was stout in health and able-bodied—quite stout enough in health and strength to support herself without the help of her son Baptiste. He could no longer plead exemption on the score of filial duty. So Baptiste went to swell the fast thinning ranks of his comrades. Neighbours said he seemed glad to go away, and they looked curiously at the widow Lenord when she drove her cart into St. Roque three days after his departure, and took up her accustomed place in the market, beneath the fleche of St. Pierre.

But Madelaine Lenord did not mean to afford her neighbours' curiosity any satisfaction. She stood behind the glowing array of fruit and vegetables, as stiff and cold as if nothing had happened to disturb her. No one looking at the square-faced, hard-featured woman in her dark blue gown and black apron would have guessed that her heart was echoing still the measured tramp along the dusty road that led from the caserne eastwards. Her large bony hands did not tremble as she piled orange and green-feathered carrots by purple onions and snowy turnips, or heaped up golden apricots beside bloomy plums. She seemed only intent on selling her goods to the buyers who thronged the market-place.

"Bah! at the next levy it is possible they will put us greybeards in the drawing; is it not so, ma bonne mère?"

Monsieur Jules Dupont, the well-to-do épicier of the Rue St. Jean, stood in front of the stall, and looked up in the face of the widow Lenord. He was forced to look up, she was so tall, and the projecting lilac handkerchief over her stiff-trilled cap added something to her great height.

The little épicier's black eyes twinkled; he rubbed his yellow, skinny hands lovingly against each other as he glanced upwards. It seemed to him that Madame Lenord's chin entitled her to share in the name greybeard; and, though he repressed a smile at sight of her frowning shaggy eyebrows, he could not keep his enjoyment quite within—it went into his fingers.

"Hein!"—Madame Lenord turned her stiff angular body so as to face the grocer. She looked at him a moment before she went on—"It seems to me, my friend, that you would not be much of a mouthful for one of these Prussian guns they tell us about. Listen"—she put her hand on his arm, for he turned yellow, and was moving on into the crowd that thronged the market-place—"I did not mean to say it if you had kept aloof; but since you are such an old vaurien that you come to see how a mother bears suffering, you must take all you have come for, Monsieur Dupont."

The épicier caught a glance of her kindling eyes.

"My good mother"—he tried to edge his sleeve out of the market-woman's strong, veiny fingers.

No use; she only tightened her grasp, and the self-contented, cunning face lengthened into a look of alarm as those blue steadfast eyes gleamed down more angrily and sternly.

"Listen, I tell you, Jules Dupont. I have known you from a boy; and when I know people I know the inside as well as the out. I never saw a thought in you which had not self on the top of it, and Jeanne is following in your steps. I warned my boy against her, but young men must always see with their own eyes. I am not grieving for Baptiste"—the proud old lips were pushed up with scorn. "Such a wound as love for Jeanne could give must heal quickly; but, meantime, who knows? my Baptiste may soon be lying in his blood under the feet of the Prussians, and that blood will be on the head of your daughter Jeanne, monsieur." Her voice grew harsher, and the veins on her forehead stood out yet more plainly with the violence of the agitation she restrained, for Madelaine Lenord was too proud to weep before Jules Dupont, and she kept her voice from reaching other ears than the épicier's.

"Gently, gently, my good mother," said Dupont; he was aghast at this attack on such a popular householder as himself, in the midst of his fellow-townsmen.

"I am never gentle, and you know it, Jules Dupont. As well may you seek herbs at the butcher's as gentleness from me. Ask your friend Marie, the dairy-woman, if her yellow cow is more gentle than usual when the butcher leads away her calf to the abattoir. I would cry shame on you if I did not think it was dulness more than malice that brought you here. But you may go." She held him another minute. "What I mean is, that if Jeanne had not made St. Roque hateful to my son, he would have tried for an exemption; but he went like a willing sheep."

She let go her hold of Dupont's arm, and stood still and calm, not even looking towards the grocer. Dupont went on a few paces as if in rebound from her grasp; then he stopped, and brushed the sleeve she had held with the coat-cuff of the other. He made a grimace and walked back to Madelaine's fruit-stall with a sort of dance in his step.

"You are a woman," he smiled and rubbed his hands harder than ever; "and women are so often mistaken in judging. Is it not quite possible, my good woman, that Baptiste is tired of petticoat government, and anxious to try a little soldiering for a change?"

He spoke in a loud voice, and several idlers pressed up to the fruit-stall. The old woman's lips trembled, and she pressed them tight to steady them; then she took a long look at the sneering, wrinkled, yellow face.

"If I am a woman, I can't help it," she said. "You can't help being a man, Jules Dupont; but you can help being a coward!"

A chorus of applause from the group round her was too much for the respectable *épicière*. He got very red, he left off rubbing his hands, and glared for an instant at Madelaine; then he shrugged his shoulders, and was soon out of sight in the crowded market-place.

## II.

MONSIEUR DUPONT's shop is in the principal street of St. Roque; the house above it is among the few, which have escaped improvement, and the projecting gable and top nods in close proximity to its opposite neighbour. Monsieur Dupont's is not a showy shop seen from the street, though when you get inside it you are at once impressed with the fastidious neatness of its arrangements.

There is a glass-door at the end of the shop, and looking through this you see a

pretty little room. The walls are pale green; the window is shaded by fresh muslin curtains. A gilt looking-glass rests on a marble table, and on this table are fuchsias and choice pinks in flower-pots. Near the table, with her back to the window, Jeanne Dupont is sitting at her embroidery-frame. She stoops over her work, hiding her face, but showing the smooth plaits of her glossy brown hair. Jeanne has not a well-shaped head, but towards the forehead it is full and broad, and it is well-placed on her shoulders.

She startles as her father comes into the shop. She knows his fidgety, small-stepping tread, and she looks up. Jeanne is not pretty; she has a bright brown skin, with a rich colour glowing under her dark eyes; but her mouth is wide, and her nose turns up at the end with that peculiar expression of sauciness, hastiness, and good nature, so inseparable from this conformation. The expression at this moment is unmistakably cross.

The glass door opens, and Monsieur Dupont comes in, and seats himself on the red velvet sofa opposite his daughter.

"Eh bien, Jeanne! I have news for thee. He rubs his hands, and half shuts his bead-like eyes. "Madelaine Lenord is not in a complimentary mood to-day. She says—the old toad!—that Baptiste was glad to get away from St. Roque because at the same time he got away from thee."

At the name Baptiste the girl's mouth trembled, and her eye-lashes drooped and quivered; but the bitter ending of Madelaine's message was too much. Jeanne's eyes flashed open in bright wrath, and her nose turned up yet more than usual.

"Madame Lenord is well set to work"—she spoke so fast that she could hardly get her words out. "Did she say that in the open market?"

"But—yes"—Monsieur rubbed his hands, and looked still more cheerful; "and our good neighbours here in St. Roque, and also out at Laborde, are no doubt kind enough to pity poor deserted Jeanne Dupont."

"Chut!" Jeanne stamped her foot imperiously, and then she sat still, twining her plump brown fingers together as if she were trying to plait them into some pattern. Monsieur fidgeted a little with two old-fashioned seals that hung at his watch-chain. He began to whistle softly, as if to himself, "Mourir pour la Patrie." Jeanne's brown skin grew suffused, and her eyes looked up full of angry fire.

"Father!" This came as an exclamation, and it seemed to act as warning to Monsieur Dupont. He left off whistling and playing with his seals, and looked gravely at his daughter. "Thou hadst best not rouse my temper. I know thou art trying to make me say I will marry Victor Devisme. Eh bien, voyons!" She got up and stood beside her high-backed low chair, grasping the rail a-top with all the strength of her well-shaped hands. "I have not said No—I will not promise to say Yes; but thou shalt not taunt me into anything." She stood thinking. Her father watched her, closing his eyes till they looked like black slits. "Madelaine Lenord must indeed have changed if she could speak so cruelly," she said, more quietly. "Father, art thou sure—"

A sob came in the girl's throat, but she choked it back.

Monsieur Dupont laughed in the low chuckling way that was inseparable from his favourite pastime of rubbing his hands.

"I blame thee not, Jeanne; but thou needest not be so ready to catch fire. Never believe what thou dost not like, my child—it is a safe motto. I object not to thy disbelief—why should I? I am quite willing to be convicted if I have not told the truth. Go to the market-place, my girl—there is yet time—and get the truth from Madelaine herself."

Jeanne bit her lips, and tears came to soften the hard light in her eyes.

"Father, there are times when I have wished—may the Holy Virgin forgive me, but I must wish it all the same—that thou couldst just for one hour, or less even, be cursed with my wild spirit; it may be thou wouldst then show mercy at a time like this. Thou canst not in earnest wish me to suffer this public mortification. Why, then, say words which make me mad and wicked?" Dupont fidgeted under her earnest eyes. "Listen," she went on; "thou hast bid me go to Madelaine. I will see her and have the truth from her, but not in the market-place."

Monsieur sat looking like a Japanese image; his thin, loose lips had relaxed from the grin which usually kept them strained into a line, and the lowermost hung down in open dismay. He had seen Jeanne petulant, vehement even, but she had never spoken with this highly-wrought earnestness. Her eyes did not flash; there was more of sorrowful appeal than of passion in her words.

She pinned the paper down over her embroidery, and passed out of the room, but Jules Dupont still sat with the same dis-

mayed look on his wrinkled face. He had no moustache to hide the working of his mouth; he had very little hair even on his head, and the yellow skin on his bare crown likened him, in conjunction with his wide lipless mouth, to an unfledged thrush.

"What has she?" and then his black sharp eyes went inquisitively into every corner, as if to find a clue to Jeanne's new behavior. "Bah! it is time I was rid of her. She must be married without delay. She is a fire-brand. My digestion is disturbed by her vehemence. She has not said No to my propositions; she is too well brought up to refuse a husband chosen for her by her father; and, *ma foi*—he struck one hand energetically into the palm of the other—"what can she find to object? Bah! I did not think I had struck so hard." He caressed his injured palm as if it were some pet animal. "She cannot make an objection to Victor Devisme. He has good looks, a good position, good manners. It is impossible that Jeanne can prefer a mere carpenter like Baptiste Lenord to a gentleman. Why, Victor has dined at the Préfecture. Baptiste is a great overgrown lout, without looks or manners."

The epicier pulled a little file out of his pocket, and proceeded to trim his nails. Mechanically he again whistled, "*Mourir pour la Patrie.*"

### III.

THERE is a long hilly street in St. Roque with lime-trees on each side. It is almost in a line with the spires of St. Etienne; and it mounts upwards at a right angle with the street in which the famous old cathedral stands, till at its furthest extremity you get a glimpse of the tower of the Abbaye aux Dames. Some way up this hill you come upon a lonely, desolate-looking spot. Grey, quaint houses, chiefly untenanted, stand ghost-like about a large grass plot, with rows of chestnuts along its edges; and behind, shadowed by this dense foliage, and paved all round with hard obtrusive grey stones, is the little lonely church of St. Julien.

A young girl goes by the church with a rapid swinging walk. She stops and looks at the little grey building.

"Father Pierre would tell me what to do," Jeanne sighed, and faltered. There was a chapter of unspoken, unsifted trouble in the steadfast brown eyes.

She was not long undecided.

"I will see Madelaine first," and on she went again.

Looking at Jeanne in her close-fitting

black silk gown and simple straw bonnet with its white trimmings, she seemed indeed too refined for a carpenter's wife.

Her mother had been very superior to Jules Dupont, and she had lived long enough to place Jeanne in the convent, where she had been taught more than usually falls to the lot of girls of her class. The usual result had followed. Jeanne disdained the female society she mixed among and its frivolity. She cared far more for reading and refined pursuits than for dress and fashion; and she had scandalized a group of shopkeepers' daughters by asserting that Madelaine Lenord, in her simple market cloak and cap, was more of a lady than any of these flounced and panniered demoiselles.

Jeanne has one friend nearer her own age than Madame Lenord—her former music-mistress at the convent, Mademoiselle Félicité Trudin—but she is never in St. Roque at this time of year; she goes to stay with her old mother at Dives.

"If I could only see Mademoiselle Félicité," the girl goes on to herself, "I believe she would give me good advice. I used to wonder at that sweet sad depth in her eyes; now I know that is the mark love leaves behind him. Ah! when a woman's eyes are only bright and fiery, she knows nothing of real love."

Jeanne has a long weary walk on the dusty road before the diligence overtakes her. She wishes to go the whole way on foot, but this will take too long; she must be home again before dusk; so she gets into the empty vehicle, and is almost smothered by the dust it raises. On between hedges, giving glimpses of orchards jewelled with rich-hued crops; below, stubble on the ground—the iron foot of war had not yet trodden down these remains of wheat and barley harvest—for the thrifty Normans turn orchard ground to double use.

By degrees the trees grow scanty and stunted, the herbage on the hedge banks coarser, till at last the sand-hills come in sight, and the diligence stops at a cross-road.

Jeanne pays her fare, and then turns down the left of the cross-roads. A few minutes bring her to the sandy country about Laborde. It stretches on beyond the village, a waste of sand and blue mud-hills, till these last assume a more regular aspect, and, in the shape of a range of low cliffs, bound the plage of the fishing-cabins of Dives.

Jeanne looks wistfully on towards the sea; but Dives is far away from Laborde.

She cannot reach it to-day, she has only time to see Madelaine Lenord.

The cottage is just like all the rest—whitewashed, with a black door, a shingled roof, and a queer little dormer window peeping out among circling vine sprays and stone-crop, as if it was there on guard. Jeanne knows the cottage well. Her mother used to take her out to Laborde on summer afternoons, and then it was that she and Baptiste Lenord made acquaintance. He was learning his trade in his own village in those days, and had got good book teaching from Monsieur le Curé. He had not begun then to work for Monsieur Carmier, the chief ébeniste of St. Roque.

The girl's face changed rapidly in expression. She stood still at the door, without knocking.

"I will try and be patient; but it was shameful to say such a thing out in the market-place."

And then came a quick throb of pain—that pain that seems filled with prophetic instinct, telling it is only a herald of worse to come, so hard to bear, because we know it is self-inflicted. Jeanne had been wilful, rebellious all her life; but she had all her life been resolving to turn over a new leaf, and nothing serious had come of her frequent relapses; and now, just when she had only had a little quarrel with her lover, when she had been less passionate than usual, and when, in thinking over the cruel words she had said to Baptiste, it had seemed that a few days must make all right, the terrible summons had come, and Baptiste had gone away, it might be for ever.

"It is all the fault of the war. I said I did not love him, and I did not know I loved him so much. I did not think this torment would have come in my heart, or I would have asked him to forgive me on my knees. And he has gone without a word or a look!"

Jeanne looked indignant at her own weakness, and drew up her head, while she tapped at the door.

No one answered.

"She is perhaps out," and Jeanne lifted the latch.

Madelaine Lenord looked up in an instant, defiance in her face. The sight of Jeanne standing in the doorway had brought some of it, and the rest came from the consciousness of tears, and the swollen eyelids, which had been hidden between the old woman's hands.

Madelaine sat still; she did not move her elbows off her knees, but she raised

her head till it rested against the wall behind her, and looked steadily at Jeanne.

Wrought up as the girl was in the hush of those few moments, she saw, without noticing, how clean and spotless the wall looked, and the glitter of the few brass pans that hung against it.

Madelaine spoke first.

"Like father, like child. So, Jeanne Dupont, you've come now—is it not so?—to see how I grieve for the loss of my son. Why should I not grieve?" Her voice grew harsh as she looked at the face that had come between her and her boy.

"A mother must be harder than a brute if she does not grieve to lose her own child; no triumph for you in that, mademoiselle."

Jeanne came forward suddenly, and took the widow's hand between hers. Madelaine drew it away.

"But, madame, do not be hard—do listen; has he not, then, left one word for you to say to me?"

Jeanne forgot that Baptiste's mother had no belief in her own love for him. She forgot everything but her longing to know whether her lover had forgiven her, and the old woman's harshness filled her with a bitter sense of injustice.

Madelaine rose up slowly; she seemed to tower above the quivering, dark-eyed Jeanne. The girl had clasped her hands together; she stood in the attitude of a suppliant. But the stern old woman utterly misread her purpose.

"I thought you were selfish, Jeanne Dupont, but not so bad as this. You trifle with an honest lad's heart, because he is weak enough to feed your pride, and then you drive him from you with your bitter, heartless words. And you are daring enough to come and ask me at this hour if Baptiste is spaniel enough to cringe and fawn for your pity, to leave tender words and tokens for such as you! No, mademoiselle, your name was not spoken by my son. I said, 'What of Jeanne Dupont?' and he answered me, 'Be silent, my mother.' It was easy to see that he rejoiced in leaving St. Roque; he wished to escape the sight of you."

"Ah!"

The glow that had risen on the girl's dark cheeks faded, her hands fell apart and drooped beside her. Was this not the confirmation of her father's words?

"You are unjust—one day you will see how unjust. I came to tell you I was sorry to have caused his departure; but you throw my words back."

"Ta, ta, ta!" Madelaine looked scorn-

ful. "You make too much of Baptiste's sorrow, mademoiselle. Go home and grieve for your own pride and vanity; do not grieve for my son; you offended him—that was all. By this time he has forgotten you, Jeanne Dupont. He will come back; he will laugh that you could ever have had power to vex him. My son is not to be thrown away on a brown little chit of a vixen."

Perhaps Madame Lenord had surprised herself by her own sternness, or she may have felt unable to persist in it. She went to the door, and opened it for the girl to pass out.

Jeanne looked up at her, and went away without a word.

#### IV.

MONSIEUR DUPONT stood at his shop-door. The street was quieter than it had been in time of peace; the market folk had gone home long ago; there was not left so much as a barrowful of plums. Opposite was the shop window of Monsieur Le Petit, with its shining plaits of hair and bottles of perfume and pomade; the gable a-top of the three-storied house projected its quaintly-carved head as if it wanted to see into the street below. The house itself projected slightly, and thus narrowed in the street so as to form a closer fitting frame to the grey, old St. Pierre, which filled the end of it.

Monsieur Dupont was not smoking—the habit, in his opinion, was an unclean one, and his great virtue was a spotless cleanliness; the care of his finger-nails and of his small remnant of hair was an absorbing employment; his dress, too, gave token, by its frequent variety in the way of waistcoats and neckties, of the attention bestowed on it.

"Dress," he observed, "costs money to purchase, time and taste to wear to the best advantage; and money and good taste are the only two things worth living for. How foolish and reckless, then, to taint and soil that which has so much value, by a saturation of poisonous smoke."

Moreover, Monsieur Dupont considered that eyes were given one to use in observing the conduct and fortunes of one's fellow-men, and he perhaps saw much more out of those bead-like eyes of his as he stood at his shop-door, each thumb in a waistcoat pocket, his feet drawn closely into the first position, bowing and smiling to almost all who passed him, than he would have seen if he had been smoking.

"Aha, my friend Victor! It is long,



then, since you have come down the Rue St. Jean."

"Bon soir, monsieur."

The new-comer raised his hat, and stood still, with rather a sheepish, hesitating look.

Monsieur Victor Devisme was a clerk in the bureau of Monsieur le Préfet of St. Roque, and consequently, in such troublesome times, a man of more importance than the wealthy *épicier*. He had a pleasant face — Belgian rather than French. Good, honest blue eyes, sunny, chestnut hair and beard went well with his fresh, high-coloured complexion. He was taller than the *épicier*, but he was still only medium height. The cunning face of Jules Dupont did not show to advantage beside his frank, pleasant-looking companion.

"Well but, my friend" — the *épicier* looked slyer than ever — "you have not answered. Why is it, then, so long since you have come to see an old friend?"

The young man's colour deepened.

"Aha!" — monsieur winked his sly eye, and his mouth curved into a grin of intense enjoyment — "We understand. Is it not so? It was better, was it not, to give the papa time to arrange a little matter for us with *mademoiselle*?" He rubbed his hands and chuckled till Victor longed to choke him.

"Well, Monsieur Dupont, and what have you to say to me?" He spoke so sharply that monsieur vibrated on the points of his toes in sudden, nervous tremor, though he laughed, to show how very much at ease he felt; and as Victor Devisme did not feel in a laughing mood, it seemed to him that his companion — even though he was the father of Jeanne Dupont — was a wrinkled old idiot.

"Aha, that is what it is!" The frown on Victor's face quickened Monsieur Dupont's sentence. "Well, my good friend, my news is not much to tell; I have spoken to my daughter, and I have reason to believe the next step is to present you to her."

Victor left off frowning, but he did not look content.

"But, Monsieur Dupont, you know what I mean. Have you ascertained that *Mademoiselle* Jeanne will receive me with satisfaction?"

The earnest feeling in his face might almost have moved Jules Dupont; but he did not look up; his attention was concentrated on the polish of one of his little finger-nails.

"Ma foi!" — his shoulders went towards his large ears — "What will you?

I have done my part. You can do yours, I suppose, without my help? Come again this evening. Jeanne will be at home, and will be ready to receive you from me as her future husband. Allons."

Victor Devisme lingered. He could not believe the *épicier's* news. Jeanne Dupont had always been civil to him, but she had been cold too. He would have given much for one of the flashes of petulance he had seen her bestow on his sister Thérèse — flashes which had gained for her from that staid spinster the name of vixen.

Frenchman though he was, Victor was too much in love not to crave a little more romance in his wooing than he felt assured of finding.

"I shall know this evening how she really feels," he thought. "Jeanne's is a tell-tale face. She is no hypocrite."

It seemed to the young man, who had till now led the monotonous and uneventful life of an official in a provincial town, that existence was turning into a fairy tale. As he reached the end of the street, he said to himself, "But it will spoil all to be obliged to ask Jeanne in the presence of her father;" and suddenly he turned the corner of the Rue Notre Dame, and there was Jeanne herself — Jeanne who, instead of passing him with a graceful, self-possessed bow in return for his shy salutation, flushed deeply at sight of him, and stopped when he paused beside her.

"*Mademoiselle*" — his voice was eager and trembling, it went to the girl's aching heart at once — "I have received permission from Monsieur your father to present myself at your house this evening. Have I also your permission, *Mademoiselle*?"

Jeanne bent her head; tears were coming into her eyes, and she did not want Devisme to see them.

"Yes, yes, Monsieur Victor;" she forced her lips into a smile, and hurried on past the angle of the street.

"Am I asleep or dreaming?" Victor rubbed his eyes, and then, as a girl with faggots on her head nearly knocked his hat off, he decided that he was awake, and that he was happier than he had ever been in his life before. Yes, the fairy tale had begun.

It was well for the growth of this sudden happiness that Jeanne reached home while Monsieur Dupont had crossed over the way to advise with his crony, Madame Le Petit. A hare had been presented to her — a gift in which the *épicier*, who loved his stomach as much as he loved



every bit of himself, was resolved to share, and he had gone to Madame Le Petit to devise the best way of cooking it.

Jeanne took off her bonnet at the foot of the steep stairs, and swung it by the strings backwards and forwards as she mounted. She was asking herself why she was so foolish, so weak.

"Why should I grieve and crave for a love which never can be mine—which perhaps I never had, or I could not have lost it for just a few foolish, passionate words? Here is a man good and true, and loving too—whose eyes show me what I am to him. Why should I not make Victor Devisme happy? I can never be happy in the way I dreamed of; that is over. Why not trust that happiness may come with a man who I am certain loves me so much?"

## V.

DAYS went by—so many, that they were weeks now; autumn had grown chill. The war was still raging fiercely. Victor Devisme was betrothed to Jeanne Dupont; but life was not quite the fairy tale he had begun to think it.

His sister Thérèse shook her head. It was no wonder, she said, that Victor looked downcast. In such troubled times, when the war grew worse every day, instead of coming to the glorious ending that had been promised, when even to far-off St. Roque news of the defeat and death of the townsmen came weekly—how could folks have the heart to think of love and marriage? For her part, Thérèse thanked the Holy Virgin and the saints she was not troubled with such nonsense; she thought the occupation of women should be praying and fasting at such a time. Marriage was quite out of season.

Perhaps Thérèse was right. Joy jars in a public grief; and though in Normandy there was yet a strong belief in the ultimate triumph of the French arms, still rumors of defeat and disaster grew. No one could say how hearts grew heavier; folks went about with saddened faces, and not all the proclamations and bland self-complacency of Monsieur le Préfet could dispel the gloom that began to brood over the town of St. Roque.

Jeanne was one of the first to feel its influence; she had rarely smiled since the evening when her father placed her hand in that of Victor Devisme. In one way she was grateful to the war. The duties of her lover's office had grown much heavier during these last days, and Victor could only spend a few minutes with her

each time he came, and, with a pertinacity which irritated him, Jeanne always contrived that her father should be present.

Marie, the milk-woman, a good-natured, gossiping Picarde, told Jeanne one day that a letter had come to his mother from Baptiste.

"He is not far off"—her small black eyes shone with significance—"not farther than Rouen. Dame! What do I know, he may be nearer still."

Marie's flat brown face broadened into one huge smile. She stood looking at Jeanne with both hands resting on her hips, or at least on the breadth of blue-plaited woollen which represented them.

Marie was an outspoken body. All the world of St. Roque had heard of the love between Baptiste Lenord and Jeanne Dupont; and though Mamzelle Jeanne had been hard-hearted enough to give Baptiste his congé, and was going to marry a gentleman, she might show a little interest in hearing about the poor fellow.

"And instead, ciel! she looks as proud as Madame Mérand herself, ma foi!" Up went the milk-woman's shoulders towards her ear-drops.

"Good morning, Marie"—Jeanne was turning out of the kitchen where the talk had been held—"I will send Sophie to you."

"Wait, mamzelle." Marie considered that if Jeanne had grown unfeeling, it was her simple duty to make her know it. It was said in St. Roque that Marie, the milk-woman, spent quite as much of her time in teaching her neighbours as in selling milk, and reaped more "kicks than half-pence" in her philanthropic endeavours; but she had never before administered advice to Jeanne Dupont.

"Has mamzelle heard the talk in the town this day?"

"I never listen to gossip." Jeanne kept her face towards the kitchen door.

"Gossip, ma foi! and mamzelle speaks of gossip, when it is our men's lives I mean! There is news of fighting near us, mamzelle. No one knows where the news began, but every one says so. It is quite near; not far off, at least, they say. Ah, mamzelle! it is well for you who have no friends in the army; but for me, I have many friends there. The poor lads, I love them. I care for Baptiste Lenord. Ma foi, I think so!—he with his bright, black eyes and cheerful smile—it is all that is most sad—to think of him dead and cold, trodden under the feet of those cursed Prussians. They are cursed; they drink the blood of our men, and steal the food

of our children. Dame, if I were then a man, I would make some of the butchering cowards bleed too!"

"Who told you this news?"

Marie stood with open mouth and eyes. Jeanne Dupont had turned round suddenly, and had taken a firm grasp of the milkwoman's arm, as if she thought she would run away.

"Who told you our soldiers were fighting near St. Roque?"

Jeanne spoke doggedly, and she shook Marie's arm.

"Dame! that is what I have but now said to mamzelle — there is a rumour. What will you? Does any one know how a rumour begins? It is like a mushroom; no one can say from whence it comes. It may be no more than — pouf!" — she blew across the back of her hand, as if she saw a feather there — "but it may be true. Ciel! think, then, a little, my fine young lady, of the brave fellows we saw marching away to the sound of the drum. When I think that none of us, not even his mother, will ever again see Baptiste Lenord, my heart is like to burst. Ah, mon Dieu, but it is the most unhappy chance! He was good. Ah, the poor lad!"

Marie put her black apron to her eyes. Jeannie waited a minute, and then she spoke calmly.

"There have been these rumours once — twice even — and they have not proved true, Marie. There has, perhaps, been some truth as to the fighting, but it has always been farther off than was said, and our townsmen have not been engaged in it. Only a fortnight ago you said the Prussians were close to Rouen."

"Ma foi!" — Marie's face was flushed with her eagerness to speak — "and what is it, mademoiselle, a fortnight now, a fortnight to come, in a war which goes on from bad to worse? It is only a question of days and of suspense. It is all very well — what they say at the Préfecture — that the Prussians will have to cry 'Vive la République.' Chut!" — she snapped her fingers. "Mademoiselle must of course believe what is said at the Préfecture; it is natural, if it is not just, and it has become the duty of mademoiselle. But Monsieur Le Petit has a friend at Versailles, and he has written Monsieur Le Petit that the King of these monsters of Prussians is not a man at all, but a demon, and he will never go back to Berlin till he is master of all France. Ah! but mamzelle, it is infamous. The old coquin, I could strangle him myself if he were only a man."

Marie wiped away her tears impetuously. Jeanne stood thinking. She did not love Victor Devisme, but his calm self-possession claimed her respect, and he had taught her to believe in the wisdom of the ruling powers. Yet though St. Roque had been kept ignorant at the outset of the state of public affairs, each day was forcing on the minds of its citizens two plain facts, which came always in unison — the constant defeat and disaster of the French troops, and the steady success of their enemies, spite of enormous losses. So much of private interest had been distracting Jeanne's thoughts, that she had not realized, as many of her fellow-townswomen had realized, that actual war was approaching their city, and that each one of them might be brought face to face individually with its horrors. She grew white suddenly.

"Then, if this news is true, the enemy will march west; they may come to St. Roque."

"Monsieur Le Petit says they will not reach us till they are sure of Rouen and Havre. Bah! Mademoiselle, if they come here, what can we do? We have no walls at St. Roque. They will eat us up like sheep. How can mamzelle think of such a horror? It is bad enough that our men should die for us without dying ourselves. Hark, mamzelle!"

The kitchen was near the end of a passage leading into the street. There was a continued tramp of feet, and overpowering these sounds came the *Marseillaise* ringing its soul-stirring music to this refrain —

"Aux armes contre l'étranger,  
Tous les Français sont Volontaires,  
Quand la Patrie est en danger."

"It is nothing." Jeanne had recovered herself. "You know we have heard it before — only some recruits going to the caserne on their way to join the army. They can give no news. They come from the other side — from Rennes, perhaps."

"Dame, but they may know; it was a soldier, mamzelle, who told me how that wicked old king shuts himself up with Bismarck and that old sorcerer Moltke, and makes charms with the blood of children — our children, mamzelle Jeanne. Tiens! have I not lived in Brittany, and have I not heard of the monster of Laval? and I say to you that he has come to life again in our day. Monsieur Le Petit has well said that the old coquin of Prussia should offer thanks, not to God, but to the devil

—for it is Satan who is the Providence of that old sorcerer and of Bismarck."

"Was it Monsieur Le Petit who told you this news about a battle?" Jeanne asked faintly.

"No, mademoiselle, I heard it in the market; and I looked for Madeline Lenord, but I could not find her. She does not come to St. Roque on every market-day since she lost her boy. She used to come to see Baptiste. Hein! but, mamzelle, it was a sad day when he went away, poor boy!"

This time Jeanne did not give any warning of departure—she went straight out of the kitchen and up to her own room. She closed the door and stood against it trying to keep down agitation.

"I am foolish. I know this woman for a chatterbox and unscrupulous in what she says. She may have invented this rumour—then why do I let my thoughts rest on it?" She pressed her slender hand over her eyes; they were hot and dry. "It is true, I feel it. I can't shut it out. I see only him, my Baptiste, lying there bleeding to death—mine—Ah, mon Dieu! have I not lost the claim to him?" She stood still, and presently she went on again. "I had not thought he would die; I thought only he would despise me, and he would marry some one else. It seemed to me, if I could fill my head with Victor Devisme, I should be safe—I should be a wife—I should not then die of jealousy in seeing Baptiste happy with some one else than me. Ah! how little I knew! and now, what has happened!" Both hands clasped her face, but the burning blushes spread and revealed themselves on the full brown throat, panting with the love that had been so cruelly restrained. "Ah, mon Dieu!—it happens thus. I am truly punished. I detest the sight of Victor, I shrink at the sound of his voice, and I love my darling more than ever. My Baptiste, my own well-beloved, if I could only once tell thee I have been true, though I seemed false! But he will die, and I shall never see him."

That evening, when Victor Devisme came to the Rue St. Jean, he was surprised at the change in Jeanne. She was no longer silent and reserved, she questioned him about the Government, about the position of the troops, the hopes of success; and when he had given the desired information, she scandalized him by her want of patriotism.

"It is a mistake to go on with this dreadful war," she said. "We have got rid of the Emperor—I do not know what

harm he did, but I am willing to believe he began this war wrongly. But if he were wrong, why do we imitate him? why do we fight against fate? why sacrifice all our men to these Germans, who are too strong for us?"

Even Jules Dupont's cynicism stirred at this.

"Ta-ta-ta! thou art a woman! But was France ever conquered? What do I say? Has she not always triumphed? And is it possible that a herd of brutal beer-swilling peasants should trample on the bravery which has been renowned since the days of Charlemagne? Ma foi! Jeanne, it is too much! Why, the armies are preparing to march on Paris and unite forces; and then, where will be the triumph of the barbarians? Hemmed in between our soldiers and the city, they will not be allowed to escape—they will perish miserably, trampled under the feet of our advancing hordes."

Monsieur Dupont rubbed his hand softly together as he rounded off these words, but Jeanne did not listen; she was stitching at her embroidery as if her life depended on the number of leaves she added to her roses. Victor Devisme lingered and lingered, but she had no more words to give him. Her hand lay passive in his when he bade her good-night. She made no attempt at reply to the warm clasp in which he held her fingers.

#### VI.

Two days passed. Victor came to the Rue St. Jean on the second evening. He found Monsieur Dupont drinking orgeat in the little parlour behind the shop, his yellow face wrinkled as he poured over a map.

Devisme answered the épiciér's questions as to the day's news at the Préfecture, and then looked restless.

"Where is Jeanne?"

"Ma foi!"—the épiciér grinned till his face resembled a shrunken orange—"she has a headache; she has been in her room all day; but you can ask Sophie if she will see you."

Devisme went into the passage, but he met Sophie coming down-stairs. Mademoiselle had sent her to say she was not coming down to-night. Mademoiselle had headache; she was going to bed. She had forbidden that any message should be sent her. Sophie gave this last part of the message with severe emphasis. For the first time since he had been accepted as Jeanne's lover Victor's pride rose. It was evident that Jeanne wished to avoid

him; and ever since that parting, two nights ago, the young man's heart had been filled with an aching longing. His suit made no progress; he was no surer of Jeanne's love than he had been at the beginning. He had resolved to appeal to Jeanne, and ask her why she had promised to be his wife if she had no intention of satisfying the love which consumed him. He loved her so much, that hope was strong in him; and even while his heart ached, there had been a wild thrill of delight at the vision of all that this appeal might lead to, for Victor had determined to ask Monsieur Dupont for his absence. He believed that if he had found courage to do this earlier, he and Jeanne might have come to a better understanding than was possible under the sneering, observant eyes of the *épicière*. He had come to the shop full of this resolve, and now all his hopes were dashed to the ground and shattered by such a message.

He turned from Sophie haughtily, and went out of the house without going to bid Monsieur Dupont good evening.

Sophie put her head on one side. She was a small thin creature, who adored her young mistress and snubbed her old master alternately. She looked on Monsieur Devisme as an ally of the grocer, and therefore an unsuitable match.

"Hein!" she said, "they say love is blind; it seems that love has made that young clerk blind and stupid too. Why, *mamzelle* gets paler every day; she hates the very sight of him—the staring owl. When it was Baptiste Lenord, *ma foi!* she was like sunshine. Why did she take this one, *ma foi!* I know not. It is not to be believed that a young demoiselle should give scandal by changing one lover for another, and not please herself after all."

But Sophie was different from Marie the milk-woman. Sophie was old, and a Parisian born, and she knew that a girl crossed in love must be left to battle with her own heart in peace.

Jeanne's swollen eyelids did not tell of a peaceful night. She came down next morning later than usual, and she gave such sharp, irritable answers that her father was glad to escape into his shop. He told Sophie that he should not be in for dinner, and that she must wait on customers, if any came in, after five o'clock.

Jeanne felt relieved when she heard of her father's absence. She dreaded inquiries and rebukes for her avoidance of Victor. She had not yet decided how to act, and she felt that interference would rouse her into vehemence.

Monsieur Dupont's was a corner house, and the windows of the little parlour at the back of the shop looked into a side street. Jeanne stood by the open window in the vacant state that so surely follows great mental suffering. Her eyes were fixed on the white wall of a house opposite—a whitewashed, bare space, with green *persiennes* on the first floor. She stood some minutes gazing, but, seeing nothing, she could not have said the house before her was white or black; and then, before any object darkened the bare blank space, a slight shiver ran through Jeanne, and her vision came back. Came back, and seemed fixed, so intense was the straining gaze, on a figure—a man, seemingly a drunkard, for he staggered forward, then sideways, on the round knobbed pavement, and at last flung up his arms and reeled against the white wall with a groan.

"Au secours, Sophie, au secours!"

That was all Jeanne said; and then she sprang on a chair, and let herself drop into the side street from the open window. She saw no one else; she clasped both arms round the fainting man and kissed him.

"My own—own Baptiste!"

But Baptiste did not know her. His head drooped on her shoulder; he seemed changing into lead; instead of supporting him, Jeanne felt that she must sink on the pavement beneath his weight.

"Parbleu! Leave him there, *mamzelle*. He is not women's work as he stands there. Voyons, voyons, friend Baptiste! Stand up. What is it? Lend a hand, then, Ferdinand."

It was fortunate for Monsieur Le Petit that the tall garçon of the Hôtel Sainte Barbe was passing by. The hairdresser's own round squat figure, spite of his strength, must have been overbalanced by the inert frame of the young soldier.

"Bien," said Ferdinand glibly. "I hold him; and what is then to be done with him, monsieur?"

Jeanne had disengaged herself from Baptiste, but she stood close by.

"Monsieur Le Petit, he is dying! you will take him into your house? He should come in here"—she pointed across the way—"but you know my father; and, then, your door is quite at hand. He shall be no trouble to you; I will nurse him. Oh, monsieur, you will not leave him to die in the street—Baptiste, whom you have known all his life!" There was agony in her voice.

Monsieur Le Petit's face became ludi-

crous. He had a secret admiration for Jeanne Dupont, and a hearty liking for Baptiste Lenord; but he had a strict regard for "les convenances" and a most wholesome awe of his wife. He knew that Madame Le Petit had aided and abetted her gossip, Jules Dupont, in making the match between Jeanne and Victor Devisme. She had denounced Baptiste as a mere carpenter, quite unworthy to be allied to such a man as the épicier. Moreover, madame kept her husband's purse, and kept it shut against any hospitality to guests not chosen by herself.

"If you will not"—Jeanne spoke in a hard, desperate voice—"then bring him to us. I will dare everything. My father even will not turn a dying man out of doors."

"Diable!"—Ferdinand had been looking close at his burden—"we must be quick, Monsieur. Lenord is bleeding from the side here."

He pointed to a large dark mark on the blue uniform. Instinctively Jeanne put her hand there, and drew it back blood-stained.

The hair-dresser forgot his wife and his scruples—forgot all but the impulsive French nature—which determined him to risk everything but his honour, and this he felt to be implicated in succouring a wounded soldier.

"Wounded! mon Dieu! Run, marmozelle!" he exclaimed, "send my man Alexis to help, and tell Nanine to be ready."

In the midst of his excitement it was a soothing reflection to Monsieur Le Petit that his wife was dining at her mother's in the company of Monsieur Dupont; there was no chance of her return before evening.

Jeanne hurried on into the Rue St. Jean. She had only to cross the road to Monsieur Le Petit's house; but at the corner her gown was pulled by some one, and she stopped.

"Let me go; I can't stay an instant." Jeanne looked up at her hinderer. It was Thérèse Devisme.

"What are you about, Jeanne? Do go quickly in-doors, and leave this soldier, whoever he is, to the men who are with him. You look wild, mon enfant. Victor would not be pleased to see you bare-headed in the open street."

"Let me pass!" Jeanne's eyes flashed at her future sister. "It is Baptiste, I tell you, and he is bleeding to death."

Mademoiselle Devisme stood in open-mouthed horror. She had always consid-

ered Jeanne wilful; but there was a flagrant daring in this proceeding which took her breath away.

Baptiste Lenord!—the very person Jeanne ought to avoid, now that she belonged to Victor, and, instead, she was actually disgracing herself by running about the streets telling folks in a wild way that he was wounded.

Thérèse had been putting up prayers that morning at St. Etienne for her wounded countrymen; but her patriotism succumbed for the moment. "Wounded! What else can soldiers expect? Jeanne ought to be ashamed to make such a fuss about a wound!" Thérèse had not lost sight of Jeanne while she stood murmuring at the corner of the by-street. She saw her go into the hairdresser's shop and summon his assistant, and then a moment after, Nanine, Monsieur Le Petit's servant, came flying down the street.

"She has sent for Dr. Roussel herself. Jeanne is undoubtedly mad," said Mademoiselle Thérèse.

But a knot of idlers was gathering, and by the time the three men had borne Baptiste Lenord into the house, quite a busy little crowd filled the street between the houses of the épicier and that of Monsieur Le Petit.

Mademoiselle Devisme could not form one of such a group, and she went home full of outraged propriety.

## VII.

THE doctor had come, and had looked very grave. The loss of blood had been frightful. It was evident that Lenord had travelled some distance in his wounded state, and there was little hope he could rally from the exhaustion.

"You will send for his mother?"

At first Jeanne had shrunk from the doctor's gaze; now she met it fully. There was such a quivering, hungering despair in those dark brown eyes, that Dr. Roussel winced as from the sight of a starving man.

"Why? He is unconscious; he may never know any one again. If Madame Lenord comes she will nurse him herself. Why should I yield up the care of him to any one?"

"Mon enfant, because this is not your place, and it is Madelaine's." He put his hand on Jeanne's, to quiet the interruption she tried to speak. "You think it is yours; but just now you are carried out of yourself; you cannot see things as they are. I owe it to your father and to



Monsieur Devisme, for whom I have a profound respect"—he bowed—"to tell you you ought not be here. Do not fear, Baptiste shall be well cared for."

Jeanne stood a minute, hard and defiant; but there was nothing irritating in the doctor's manner; his grave eyes looked full of pity for her. Her heart, too, was over-burdened; it was a relief to yield to its longing for sympathy. The slender fingers the doctor held closed suddenly on his, and he felt Jeanne's warm kisses on his hand.

"God bless you, monsieur! You are good; you have some pity; you will not drive me mad. If you knew how I have sinned against Baptiste—how, when I saw him there suddenly, like a spirit, in the street, it seemed to me he had come back to St. Roque to show to me that I had murdered him by my fierce, hard temper! Oh, Monsieur Roussel, see into my heart, if you can! I know I am of little use; but think what it is to me to be able even to watch him, and wipe his lips, on my knees! Why will you take this consolation from me?"

"Well, well"—the doctor stroked her head and thought a minute—"perhaps you may come from time to time and see how we go on. But his mother must be sent for; it is her right."

"And if she comes, do you know what she will do? She will send me away at once from Baptiste."

"No she will not"—Dr. Roussel smiled—"I am master here at present, my child, and if you are quiet and self-controlled, you may be of use; but remember you have no right here."

He was surprised at Jeanne's answer. It came in a sad, subdued voice—

"No, it is true; I have no right here! I forfeited that by my own wickedness!"

"Hum! I wonder how long this new mood will last," thought the doctor.

Monsieur Le Petit had undertaken to fetch Madelaine himself; he was glad of a pretext for being absent from home when his wife and Monsieur Dupont should return.

Jeanne sat beside her charge, gazing fondly at the loved, changed face, so still and death-like, with rigid lines of pain about the eyes and mouth. By-and-by Nanine came in on tip-toe to tell her she was wanted. Jeanne shook her head and pointed to the bed. Some one put Nanine aside and came gently into the room. It was Dr. Roussel.

"Go down," he said to Jeanne; "I will stay till you come back."

Jeanne wondered at her own obedience; but she went.

Victor had come to see her; he was standing at the foot of the stairs. He looked very pale, but he did not speak; he opened the door of Madame Le Petit's salon and pointed to Jeanne to go in there. Victor had a patient, much-enduring temper; but dissatisfaction with Jeanne had been growing, her avoidance had stung him deeply, and his sister's news had just been the spark wanting to kindle a strong tempest of indignation and wounded love. And yet when he looked at Jeanne, his love was as strong as ever—stronger, for jealousy gave keenness to his determination that she should be his wife. He did not even say bon jour, or attempt to take her hand.

"You know why I have come!" he said.

"No, not quite." She looked honestly at him, and he saw the sorrow in her eyes. It only increased his jealousy.

"I have come to take you to your home, Jeanne. This house is not a fit place for you to stay in; it is compromising. Why, even Madame Le Petit is not at home."

"I cannot go away, Victor. You are angry—you have the right; and I must bear your anger."

He was angry now, he flushed a deep red.

"You must come from here, I say. The man you are nursing has the doctor, and will soon have his mother. It is wholly unnecessary that you should stay here. Jeanne, listen; have some consideration for me: you have promised to be my wife, and it is not your place to be running about after wounded soldiers and nursing them." His pride kept back any show of jealousy; but Jeanne's frank nature burst forth—

"I am sorry, Victor; but it is not because he is a wounded soldier that I say I must stay here. It is because he is Baptiste. I can't talk to you now, I must go to him. I do not blame you—I do not expect you to forgive me; but I must stay with Baptiste."

Victor stood in front of her so that she could not pass; he looked very angry, but Jeanne felt dead to fear.

"You shall not stay here, I tell you. I put myself aside. Even if you were nothing to me, a young girl like you cannot remain with a wounded soldier unless she is a nurse or a *sœur*. You are excited, or you would know it too. Be reasonable. Come home now." He took her hand, Jeanne drew it away.

"I will not," she said firmly.

For a moment Victor felt that he must snatch her up in his arms and save her from her own wilfulness by carrying her across the street; but something in her manner restrained him — she seemed sorrowful, not angry. Was she sorry for him or only for Baptiste?

"Ah, Jeanne!" he said, "have you, then, no thought for me? Me, your promised husband, you avoid and neglect, to devote yourself to a man who himself gave you up." Jeanne trembled and grew pale; but Victor went on in an agitated voice — "It has come to this between us, that I must ask you if you think a man who really loves, who has the feelings and spirit of a man, can stand by tamely and see his promised wife bestowing herself utterly on some one else, and neglecting him meanwhile? If no other feeling will weigh with you, Jeanne, humanity — sympathy for the torment you make me suffer — should restrain you." He waited for her answer.

"I am very sorry, Victor; but please let me go!"

"You have not listened," he said angrily. "I see that I am as indifferent to you as one of the stones in the street. Oh, Jeanne! why did you accept my love? why did you promise to become my wife? You have never loved me; you have only mocked me by hopes you never meant to fulfil. I loved you long ago, but not as I love you now. If you had told me you belonged to some one else I would have tried to cure myself; now it is hopeless. You must marry me, Jeanne, or you destroy me."

The pain had grown deeper in the girl's face. At first it had seemed cruel and hard of Victor to keep her from Baptiste; but Jeanne was not wholly selfish. Though she had so long been the slave of her own will, Victor's reiteration was rousing her from the one absorbing thought; it seemed to her that she had wronged him as much as she had wronged Baptiste. He was surprised when she took his hand and held it quietly.

"You should not love me, Victor. I am not worth your love." The tears came rushing to her eyes. "You must not — you cannot love a girl who has acted as I have acted towards you. You will not forgive me, I cannot expect you should; but I will tell you the truth at last, which I ought to have told sooner. Do you remember that evening I met you, and you asked me if I wished you to pay us a visit? I know not how I looked, but my

heart was on fire. I had been cruelly misunderstood. I had humbled myself — ah, Victor! you don't know what it costs a girl like me to humble herself! — and I had been repulsed! I was bruised — heartsore! You offered me consolation, tenderness, soothing, and my poor torn soul wanted these things; and I was greedy enough, selfish enough, to rob you of your gifts, knowing that I could make no return!"

The flush came back to Victor's face, and the softening which Jeanne's words had brought there faded away.

"Do you mean to say," he said sternly, "that you never meant to marry me when you promised to be my wife?"

"Even that would have been less sinful." Jeanne's voice was broken by sobs. "Do not spare me, Victor, I deserve the worst you can say or think! Yes, I meant to marry you; but I knew I could never love you. I never really left off loving Baptiste! I laid all the blame on Madelaine Lenord; and sometimes lately, when I have pictured myself as your wife, seeing Baptiste return to claim my love, I have felt that I must have forgotten all honour and duty, and have gone to him if he would have taken me." Victor drew back a step. "No;" she went on eagerly, "I wrong myself, though that is difficult. I do not think God would have let me fall so low; but the feeling has told me how fierce the fight would have been, and that I should have deserved to have been left to my sin if I had tempted it! Oh, Victor! don't look so hard, so stern — I deserve it, but I can't bear it! Won't you forgive me?"

In that moment, Victor's face was to Jeanne like a sentence of judgment. How often she had turned away in weary shrinking from the love she saw there, and now, that she read in his stern expression the alienation she had longed for, it seemed as if she must win him back at least to friendship.

"No, I cannot forgive," he said harshly. "I must still love you, I cannot help it; and if you would leave Lenord and come to me now this minute, I'm fool enough, infatuated enough, to take you, Jeanne; but that is the only price of my forgiveness, and you are not in earnest when you ask for it. You are —" he stopped and looked at her fixedly. "Go away; I don't want to be hard on you, but you have made me hard yourself."

"God bless you, Victor! Some day you will believe that I have punished myself most of all."

He gave no answering sign, and she went slowly away, with none of the gladness of release she had looked for.

### VIII.

Madeleine came and took her post beside her son; but Dr. Roussel spoke to her earnestly before she saw Jeanne, and the stern old woman tolerated the girl's presence, though she seemed unconscious of it.

Days passed by, and Baptiste still lay senseless. Monsieur Le Petit went about in a depressed and crestfallen state. Marie, the milk-woman, asserted that the hairdresser's ears had been boxed by his irascible wife on her return from her mother's. According to the same popular authority, Monsieur Dupont had been across to see Jeanne, and there had been a long and warm dispute between the grocer and his daughter; but Jeanne persisted in her attendance beside Baptiste. Folks talked and wondered, and did not know what to think. Mademoiselle Thérèse was questioned. She had been communicative enough on the day of the wounded man's arrival, but now she became suddenly dumb. She even told one of her inquisitive visitors that Monsieur Victor would resent scandalous talk of Jeanne Dupont, or any inquiry into the relations between the grocer's daughter and himself. So the gossips were forced to wait till the death or recovery of Baptiste Lenord should show how matters were really going to turn out.

The two women seemed vying with each other in self-devotion. Hitherto they had watched unwearily night and day, but on the third evening Madeleine's eyes grew heavy. She moved restlessly in her chair, but the drowsiness took stronger hold upon her; her head drooped, sank gradually, gradually, till the neck bent under its weight, and she nearly fell forward on the floor.

There had been little speech between the watchers; a few necessary questions and answers—that was all. Madeleine's steady avoidance of Jeanne had been maintained.

As she fell, Jeanne started forward and caught her; the old woman roused and shook herself free. But the girl's heart went out to her; she yearned to be at peace with Baptiste's mother.

"Sleep a little, ma mère—it will do you good. You can trust me to watch. Is it not so?"

Madeleine frowned, and then common sense got the better of her.

"I must sleep," she said, half sulkily, or I may be found unwakeful when I am most needed."

She threw her apron over her face, leaned back, and was asleep almost at once.

Jeanne went up to the bed. Dr. Roussel had spoken more hopefully. He had said consciousness might return; and already, more than once, Jeanne had fancied she saw a quivering movement in the sufferer's eyelashes. If she might only be alone with him at his first awakening! And the next minute she shrank from it. Baptiste had perhaps heard of her promise to Victor Devisme—he might turn from her in anger; and then she looked at the pale suffering face, and it seemed as if no such earthly feeling could ever again visit Baptiste Lenord. Might not his spirit even now be trying its wings for flight away for ever?

Jeanne knelt beside the bed, and gave way to an agony of tears. She had had to bear so much, to hide her grief away, and be so entirely calm and self-contained under Madeleine's eyes, her heart felt nearly bursting with pent-up sorrow. She did not know how long she had knelt there, when a touch roused her. She started up. She scarcely knew what she expected, but she saw that Madeleine had awakened and was standing over her. Jeanne followed the old woman's eyes to the bed. Baptiste was awake and conscious.

She had wished for Madeleine's absence—she had thought her own joy would be beyond all power of control; but, like many another impulsive woman, Jeanne found she could not forecast feelings. Instinctively she hid her eyes from Baptiste's sweet, loving look, and shrank behind Madeleine. The tall old woman bent over the bed, and whispers passed between the mother and son. Baptiste looked lovingly at his mother, and pressed her hand, but his eyes strayed away. Madeleine gave a little sigh. The sternness had left her when she turned to look at Jeanne. Jeanne had departed.

"I will bring her to thee, my boy."

Madeleine had not far to go. Jeanne stood in the dark passage outside, her head pressed against the wooden wall.

"Come, my child—he asks for thee;" and Madeleine put her hand on the girl's shoulder.

It seemed to Jeanne that she was in a dream. She, who had so sorely wronged both mother and son, to be thus claimed by them!

"Ma mère!" she held up her face for Madelaine's kisses, and she felt tears come with them.

"Thou wilt remember his weakness, my child."

Madelaine had got to the stairs, but she turned back with this caution. Jeanne nodded, and went swiftly to the bed-room. Madelaine sighed again as she went down stairs.

"But I am a thankless old good-for-nothing. Have I then forgotten that parents are made for children, not children for parents? The birds make nests for their eggs and for the little ones who break the eggshells, but when the young birds are strong on the wing the home-life is ended. No, a child is given us to rear and to love, but we must be content to rear him for others, and to give him all our heart when he can only give half of his. But my child is not for any of us. Poor Jeanne! she is not as ready to yield him as I am. She has not learned yet the Love that is waiting for Baptiste; she does not know — how can she, poor child? — that it is more than she can give him."

Jeanne was kneeling again beside the bed. Baptiste stretched his hand out feebly — oh, how feebly! — and she hid her eyes on it and devoured it with silent kisses.

"My beloved," he said faintly, "look at me."

Jeanne raised her head timidly, and her eyes stole to his face — they rested there conscience-struck, yet brimming over with her love. The answering love she met drew her onwards — drew her arms tenderly round him till his head rested on her bosom. Baptiste gave a deep sigh of relief. Jeanne's tears fell like rain; some drops touched his forehead.

"Why dost thou cry, my Jeanne? I am happier than I ever thought to be again. I am in thy arms — I can feel thy heart beat — thou art mine still — my own, is it not so?"

"Yes," she sobbed; "but it is only because thou forgivest me. Thou art so merciful; but thy forgiveness cannot wipe

out my sin. Oh, my Baptiste! I can never be really forgiven."

"Hush!" His voice was faint, and he paused. "See, Jeanne, I shall not talk much to thee — I have no power. It may be in the blood dropping, dropping always from my heart, in that long journey home, some evil thoughts, some evil passions, have dropped too. The good God ordered all this, my well-beloved. We both sinned against Him by our angry words. I was also wicked. We made our own sorrow, my child. Do not cry so much; the end would have come — the end was made long ago. Kiss me, my wife — my Jeanne. I can never have thee now, but thou art mine always."

She kissed him fervently, reverently, and then they kept still. He said sometimes, "My Jeanne," "She is mine always;" sometimes "God be thanked;" and then her tears came welling forth silently.

Madelaine crept in after a while, but there was no more speaking for Baptiste; he had fought his last fight, he had spent his last strength in that weary journey home; but his eyes spoke tenderly.

It seemed to the sorrowing, penitent heart of Jeanne that those loving looks were more than she could bear; but it was Jeanne that the dying eyes sought — her hand that the feeble fingers clung to till the end.

"It was hard for me, but it was right and just, monsieur," — Madelaine was relating the scene to the docteur Roussel, tears streaming over her hard-featured, tender face. "Monsieur le Curé made me see it when he came away from my boy. Baptiste had nothing to forgive me, but he had to heal that broken heart before he went away, and his time was short. Ah, Monsieur Roussel! have you heard that Jeanne has left her home? she is going to be a nurse for the rest of her sorrowful life. She says the sick and wounded will want all the time and strength she has. Monsieur" — Madelaine whispered the rest, — "the poor child can never forget her sin against Baptiste."

M. ZALOSKI, in an article in *Les Mondes* on the explosion of explosive compounds, asserts that the explosive properties of inflammable matter are not dependent on the normal temperature of the atmosphere, but upon its hy-

drometric state. Gunpowders, he adds, during a drought acquire spontaneous explosive qualities, even without any elevation of temperature, while they are also more ready to act upon and communicate the smallest spark.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
A DIPLOMATE ON THE FALL OF THE  
FIRST EMPIRE

THERE is much that is curious in comparing the France of 1871 with the France of 1814, the provocation with the revenge, the fall of the First Empire with the fall of the Second.

That instinct for memoir-writing which seems as inherent in the French as the spinning of cocoons in silkworms, is continually laying up hoards for the web and woof of the future historian; who, indeed, becomes so bewildered as time goes on, that nothing but a judgmatical consumption, like the legendary one of the Alexandrian Library, can save the Calliope of the future from congestion of documents upon the brain.

Those who live to see the twentieth century will doubtless have the task of unravelling the webs that are, we may be sure, spinning for them all over Paris and the departments, while we have hardly yet come to the end of the store laid up for us under the First Napoleon.

Jacques Claude Beugnot, the son of a provincial advocate, born in 1761, and bred to the law, having survived the perils of the Reign of Terror, arrived—by a certain trustworthiness, coupled with pliability—at high office under Napoleon, and did not lose his position under the Restoration: he adhered to the Bourbons during the Hundred Days, continued in the Ministry till old age, when the dignity of a Peer of France was somewhat tardily bestowed to decorate his retirement and reward his services. He died in 1835, and selections from his papers were published in different French periodicals by his son, during the subsequent years. In 1868 these were collected by his grandson, Count Albert Beugnot, with the addition of other portions relating to the Bourbons, which it had not been prudent to publish under Louis Philippe. The first edition sold off at Paris with almost unexampled rapidity, and was quickly followed by a second. According to St. Beuve, Beugnot was not a popular man; and by his own writing we should judge him to have been a cool-headed one, never committing himself too far, and always able to save his honour technically, and in his own estimation without doing himself much damage, when a warmer heart would have fallen into the scrapes he avoided.

But this clearness of judgment makes his gossiping records of the men and the times particularly interesting and valuable, dealing as he does with many of the

most remarkable incidents of the thirty years between 1785 and 1815.

The most interesting years of his life were spent as President of the Council of Regency of the Grand Duchy of Berg, after Murat had been transferred to Spain. But we pass over these to relate his visit at Mayence, whither he was summoned to meet the Emperor during the armistice, after the first two battles of Lutzen and Bautzen. He says that he found the Emperor's mind as resolute and alert as ever; but he no longer conversed so unreservedly, and evidently thought he had a part to act. The first day he vaunted the full force of all his armies; and whenever he uttered some doubtful assertion, he looked full at his auditor to read the effect in his countenance. Thus, when boasting that he should soon have the most formidable cavalry in Europe, he detected some token of incredulity, and broke forth in the following angry fashion:—"You are," said he, "one of those pedants who always decide wrong. You repeat, after Frederick, that it takes seven years to make a trooper, and I say that cavalry regiments can be made as fast as any other. Men are put on horseback, and there they sit; that is the whole secret. Look at my guards of honour: there is nothing like those young men for intelligence and intrepidity. They are an admirable cavalry. Have they taken seven years to form?"

There is something remarkable and melancholy in this tyrannical assertion of facts that in the secret soul were doubted, as if the will, once uttered, must establish them. The elder Napoleon had always seemed to me the least personally interesting of the great conquerors of the earth, the only one who had absolutely mean faults, and was emphatically no gentleman; but there are moments during his rapid descent from his summit of power, when it is impossible to deny him pity of a certain kind. As Beugnot says, he was so entirely incapable of expecting reverses, that they took him completely by surprise, and he wasted in storming at them the time he might have used in resistance.

Beugnot watched him with philosophical, half-pitying, half-admiring eyes, but at Mayence was a stern old Brutus out of the Convention, whose feelings were very different, even though he had held office under him. This was Jean-Bon-Saint-André, originally a Calvinist minister, who had embraced the spirit of the Revolution to the utmost. He had been sent out with Admiral de Villaret Joyeuse, to bring



back corn from America during the great scarcity in France. The convoy was intercepted by the English fleet, and the admiral would have made off; but the sturdy Republican was too much of a Spartan, he insisted upon fighting, and "spared himself as little as the meanest of the sailors; and yet," says M. Beugnot, "the result was not different from any of the naval actions of the time." It would have been odd if it had been, when an admiral was coerced into fighting by an ex-Huguenot minister. However, enough of the convoy escaped to bring a most timely supply to France, and Jean-Bon came home a hero, and worked as an active member of the Committee of Public Safety, but was exempted from its destruction, and, having survived all these changes, allowed himself to be employed by Napoleon, and was at this time Prefect of Mayence, where he showed himself a model of industry, uprightness, and classical simplicity. His study was furnished with nothing but a lamp, a desk made of four stout deal planks, and six wooden chairs, and here he often spent whole nights.

The city of Hanau had sent in a petition, on which Beugnot and Jean-Bon were desired to report. The old Republican had—to make use of an expression of the Emperor's—put his whole conscience into elucidating the Hanau matter, and had drawn up so admirable a report that Beugnot wanted merely to express his approval. "Take care you do no such thing," said Jean-Bon, "if you take any interest in the town of Hanau, or rather in the triumph of justice. The Emperor would conclude, either that you have not thoroughly examined the business, or that we are playing into one another's hands like two card-sharpers. Rather let us settle a few points of difference, that we may debate with all our might in his presence, so as to fix his attention, and give him a chance of saying to himself, and perhaps to us, 'Poor creatures, what would become of you if I were not here to tell you what is right, and make you keep to it!'" So a few loopholes for censure were absolutely made in the report, that the Emperor might be satisfied with himself.

No glory nor association had overcome the Republican's hatred of Buonaparte, and the rest of the day was too characteristic to be told in any but Beugnot's own words:—

"The Council broke up about five o'clock, and while waiting for dinner the Emperor proposed a row on the Rhine, with a view of trying

ing a pretty little boat which the Prince of Nassau had just presented to him. We went down from the Palace of the Teutonic Knights to the banks of the river, where the Prince was awaiting the Emperor.

"Without having addressed a positive invitation to Jean-Bon and myself to go with him, he had expressed himself in such a way as to authorize us to do so. We followed the company, and got into the boat with the rest. The Emperor was accompanied by two aides-de-camp and a palace adjutant. Afterwards came the Prince of Nassau and a sort of naval officer in command of the crew, Jean-Bon and myself, and lastly the Mameluke in waiting. The Emperor's suite occupied one end of the boat, we the other. The Emperor remained in the middle with the Prince of Nassau, who was showing off the magnificent vine country that crowns the right bank of the Rhine, and has the Castle of Biberich in the midst. The Emperor seemed to give his whole attention to this scene, and was examining it with a telescope. He asked for information on the Castle of Biberich, and the Prince himself was giving it with a servile complaisance that was not to last much longer. Jean-Bon and myself kept as far from the Emperor as the length of the boat allowed: but that was not enough to prevent hearing what was said at both ends. While the Emperor, standing at one side and leaning over the water, appeared wrapped in contemplation, Jean-Bon said, and not so very low, 'What a strange position! the fate of the world depends on a kick more or less.' I shuddered all over, and only found strength to say, 'In God's name, keep quiet!' My friend took no notice of my entreaty or of my terror, and went on, 'Never mind! persons of resolution are rare.' I turned the conversation to save myself from the consequences of the dialogue, and the expedition was finished without his being able to resume it. We landed, and the Emperor's suite followed as he returned to his palace. As we went up the great staircase I was by the side of Jean-Bon, and the Emperor seven or eight steps above. The distance emboldened me, and I said to my companion, 'Do you know how terribly you frightened me?' 'Yes, indeed I do, and am surprised you found your legs to walk up; but be assured that we shall weep tears of blood because this day's expedition was not his last.' 'You are a madman.' 'And you an idiot, saving respect to your Excellency.'

"We came to the ante-room. Despatches had just arrived, so important that not a moment could be lost in opening them. The Emperor went into his study to read them, and the dinner was put back. The ante-room was full of chamberlains, aides-de-camp, orderly officers, and secretaries, distinguished by richer or plainer dresses of refined elegance. Those who wore them did them justice by the politeness of their manners, and a courtly language then beginning to be formed. The blot in the picture

was the old member of the Convention, in the plainest possible prefect's uniform, and the rest of his clothes being black, even to the neckcloth. It seemed that he had more than once experienced the amiable witticisms of the gilded troop on this head, for on that day they appeared to be taking up conversation interrupted the day before. M. Jean-Bon allowed these gentlemen to exhaust all the shafts in their gilded quivers, and then answered, with a coolness that added to the power of his words :

"I really am astonished that you are bold enough to attend to my dress and the colour of my stockings on the day I am to dine with the Emperor and Empress. You do not tell me all; you are shocked to see me asked to such a dinner, and the moment my back is turned you will say, 'Really it is past belief the Emperor should invite to dine with the Empress—the new Empress—a member of the Convention, a voter,\* a colleague of Robespierre in the Committee of Public Safety, in whom you can smell a Jacobin a mile off.'

"But really, Monsieur Jean-Bon, why should you put such nonsense into our mouths? We respect ourselves too much to ever allow ourselves . . ."

"Not at all, gentlemen. It is not nonsense, but fact! I confess it. Europe was then leagued together against France, as it is now. She wanted to crush us with all the moral and material forces of the old civilization. She had drawn a circle of iron around us. Valuable cities had already been betrayed to her. She made progress. Well, the kings were defied. We delivered our territory, and retorted upon them the war of invasion they had begun upon us; we took Belgium from them, and the left bank of the Rhine, which we have united to this very France which, at the commencement of the war, they had determined to dismember and divide. We have established our preponderance, and compelled these same kings to come humbly to us and sue for peace. Do you know what government obtained, or prepared, these results? A government composed of members of the Convention of mad Jacobins, with their *bonnets rouges*, coarse clothes, sabots, and nothing to live on but coarse bread and bad beer, and who, when spent with fatigue and watching, threw themselves on mattresses on the floor of the room where their meetings were held. These are the sort of men that saved France. I was one of them, gentlemen; and here, as well as in the Emperor's chamber, which I am going to enter, I glory in it."

"A general answer, 'There is no accounting for tastes; but while granting to the administration of the period the justice due to them on military matters, there are many of their actions that it is impossible to glory in. I protest against that expression; it is too strong.'"

"And I maintain it," replied Jean-Bon.

\* *Un votant*—equivalent to a regicide.

"Besides, wait a little while, Fortune is capricious. She has raised France very high. Sooner or later she may throw her down! Who knows? perhaps as low as in 1793. Then will be seen if she can be saved by anodyne remedies, and what can be done for her by spangles, embroideries, and feathers, and especially white silk stockings.'"

This pitiless Republican died shortly after of typhus fever, contracted while taking the most indefatigable care of the hospitals which the defeated French armies had filled with infection. He seems to have carried out the classical model to a perfection attained by few of his countrymen, perhaps in consequence of the stern mould imposed on him by his Huguenot training. But what has become of the energy that produced such men? Is France like Athens after Demosthenes?

One more incident of this meeting at Mayence deserves mention. Napoleon, having few of his ministry about him, was employing Beugnot as his amanuensis, an exceedingly difficult office, as he dictated so fast that it was not possible to do more than jot down the main points and fill up afterwards. Beugnot was hurried and pre-occupied, and twice seated himself by mistake in the Emperor's chair, which was not different from the others. The first time Napoleon sharply called him to order, the second he gave him time to finish the sentence he was writing, and then said in a voice no longer severe, "So you are determined to sit in my seat; you have chosen a bad time for it." Strange, unconscious avowal to break from those stern, guarded lips, usually so full of self-assertion!

The uneasiness of the Emperor soon became manifested by his sending a sort of Japanese double to watch and share the administration in every office of State, and very troublesome and impeding was the effect during the brief remnant of the Empire. The next event at Düsseldorf was the arrival of multitudes of sick and wounded. One of the saddest effects of the battle of Leipsic was the immediate evacuation of all the French hospitals up to the banks of the Rhine. Thousands of patients from wounds and typhus had to be disposed of. Beugnot undertook to shelter 1,000. The first convoy announced contained 1,600, and neither beds, dressings, nor medicines of any sort, were supplied. Happily for Beugnot, there was living at Brussels a Prussian, Dr. Abel, "of the school of the great Frederick," at whose Court he had lived some time. He anticipated the treatment of which we

have lately heard as if it were a recent discovery—that of placing the sick as much in the open air as possible. It was still fine weather, and the season a dry one, and the sick were placed by him in the courts of the Castle of Bensberg, and the garden of Benrath, and carefully classified, with arrangements made for being speedily carried into the rooms in cases of rain. The brave fellows at first thought they were turned out to die, and lamented piteously; but kindness and encouragement soon restored their spirits, and typhus disappeared at once, so that the deaths were far fewer in proportion than in any of the ordinary hospitals.

How like this is the experience of the admirable American ambulance at Paris!

The sick were soon followed by the retreating army itself, and Beugnot's next experience was of the destructive nature of the soldier. The thorough schoolboy spirit of doing mischief for its own sake is very little below the surface in man, and to save the public gardens at Düsseldorf, which Beugnot had greatly improved and adorned, from being destroyed by the retreating armies, was an object about which he is half-pathetic, half-satirical, on his own eagerness to save what he should never see again. The colonel who was bivouacking in these gardens was deaf to all entreaties to allow the men to be quartered in the town, and even insisted on cutting down the trees, because green wood gave more heat than the faggots that were offered to him, and the huts must be made of branches. Luckily, General Damas came to the rescue, and, after a conversation with the colonel, advised Beugnot to send in twice as much wood as could be wanted, and all the canvas in the town. A bottle of wine was also distributed to each man, and Damas and Beugnot walking round in the evening heard very complimentary jokes being cracked as to the tall Imperial Minister who had used them so well.

The day after they passed on came General Rigaud and his division, announcing that he was only forty-eight hours ahead of the enemy. He asked for no wood, but for a contribution of four millions to be raised in twenty-four hours. Here Beugnot trusted to the short time. He supplied a good dinner and plenty of wine, and entirely refused the contribution. He was well abused, but the general had to march the next morning, and Beugnot, who had made all his preparations, followed closely, leaving his servants with orders to prepare a good dinner for the

Russian commander who was expected the next day. The Cabinet of Berg transferred itself to Aix-la-Chapelle, where the Emperor desired Beugnot to go to Macdonald's headquarters, to confer on the requisites for the army assembling under his orders. Macdonald could only smile with bitter irony, saying, "Would you like to see a review of my army? It will not take long; as to the men, it consists of myself, whom you see before you, and of my Chief of the Staff, General Grundler, who will be here presently; and as for materials, they at present consist of four straw-bottomed chairs and a deal table. I write every day to Paris to say that it is a mere jest to call what you see Marshal Macdonald's army; I loudly demand a real army, for I am far from sharing the general opinion that the enemy will not cross the Rhine. It is enough for me to see the direction he gives his troops, and that they are going to pursue, even into the depth of winter, to convince me that the Rhine itself is not the conclusion of their march; and upon my word, if the Emperor has only such armies as mine to oppose to them, the enemy will scarcely stop till they reach Paris. This," added the Marshal, "is what you and all of us must tell the Emperor, for the danger is extreme, and the time for boasting is gone by." "I gave an account," Beugnot adds, "of my visit, without repeating the naked truth, but I insisted on the necessity of forwarding troops to the Rhine."

"Without repeating the naked truth." Is not this, said as the merest matter of course, the key to half the miseries of France?

In actual conversation with the Emperor, his way of putting the fact was this:—

"I do not know the exact number of men that compose the army of Marshal Macdonald; he was complaining of the delay of troops in joining him, and was very impatient when I left him."

"You give me no answer. I know very well that you could not count his men; you are not an inspecting officer of reviews; but did not Macdonald inform you in conversation what force he had got together?"

"I fear, Sire, that at present it is only a very small number."

"You fear? I do not ask you what you fear; either you do not know the truth, or are afraid to tell it; at least, have you seen on your road, bodies of men and single soldiers hastening to the Rhine?"

"I met a battalion of the 18th coming out of Ghent, four detachments of the old

Dutch Guard, and single men to the number of a hundred and fifty or two hundred."

And the Emperor remained in a pitiable state of perplexity. He next appointed Beugnot to the prefecture of Lille — a service so much beneath that of Imperial Minister that it was a very bitter pill, and was forced down most Napoleonically.

"What is this? The Minister of Home Affairs says that you will not go to Lille."

"I am always ready to obey the Emperor; but perhaps he may himself feel that after having done me the favour to appoint me his minister at Düsseldorf, and having given me the uniform and style, I cannot very well again be employed as Prefect. Conclusions would be drawn from it of a disturbance and disorder in his affairs; that is, happily, very different from the case."

"Indeed, I hope so; but I do not understand you. Anyone willing to serve me must serve where it is convenient. I do not know if you have been minister or not; I have no time to consider it; but if I sent you anywhere as sub-prefect, your duty would be to go."

"No doubt, Sire; so it is only in the interest of your authority that I venture to allow myself to make an observation. I think that a man who has filled a considerable post is less fit than any other to fill an inferior one, because he comes to it with a sort of appearance of disgrace; for, in a word —"

"In fact I am in haste —. You must go to Lille. I am told that Duplantier is killing himself in my service. That is no good to him, nor to me either. There is much to do there. This department of the North is one of the gates of France. You have ten places to provision, and the National Guard to set on foot. The National Guards of that department are excellent; the inhabitants, who are really brave, want to be stimulated. Have as little trafficking as you can; do the work by yourself and your own people. You shall not want for money. You will have enough to do; but the country is rich. Raise what is necessary, nothing more."

"The Emperor may reckon on my zeal. It would be increased, if possible, by the confidence that he deigns to show me; but may I be permitted to ask him under what title I am to present myself in the department of the North?"

"In truth, Monsieur Beugnot, you rather exceed —"

"I ask the Emperor's pardon a thousand times."

"A fine moment to talk about titles! Present yourself as prefect, as minister, as emperor if you dare, only do what I want. How can you take up my time with such follies, when my head is distracted from morning to night? Your Macdonald prevents nothing, stops nothing. Clouds of Cossacks are devastating the departments of the Rhine. I have to arrange for defence at all points, and with what? And at such a time I put one of the keys of France into your pocket, and you come and talk to me about titles. That is the sort of thing to do when there is nothing better on hand. All the world tells me you are a man of sense. You do not show it."

"Perhaps the fault is the Emperor's."

"Ah!"

"Why has he elevated me beyond my capacity?"

"Very good. Start this evening, or tomorrow morning at latest. You will correspond with my ministers. If you have anything of importance or that is serious to inform me of, you may write to me direct. I give you authority. Adieu, Count Beugnot. I wish you a pleasant journey."

This is the last personal glimpse of the great Napoleon. Beugnot took the control of affairs at Lille, and soon had another experience showing how like the French of a past day are to the French of our own. Never, according to letters received from Paris, did France meet with a reverse. One colleague, of whose statements Beugnot kept notes, made the recruits amount to 180,000 men, and even the battles of Brienne and La Rothière failed to bring conviction.

Lille was threatened with a siege, and was victualled by the French troops much after the fashion in which Tillietudlem was provided for by the dragoons.

"Detachments came in, driving herds of cattle before them, sheep, and especially cows with calves, about which the superior officers were very choice. The soldiers, not to be behindhand, carried fowls *huog* from their firelocks. No more had butter or salt provisions been neglected. All had been carried off with singular barbarity. They might have done as much harm in a conquered country; but assuredly they could not have done worse. And the most disgusting thing about it was, that these beasts had no sooner entered the city than they became a kind of current coin. The generals used them as payment for their tradesmen, the officers to pay their tavern bills; and when Beugnot remonstrated, the answer was that it

was all right. The essential point was that the beasts should be in the town; after that it mattered very little into whose hands they passed, as they could always be found again in case of need."

Whether they would have been found does not appear, for the siege did not take place, and, ere long, Beugnot found it time to make his way to Paris, where Talleyrand immediately named him provisional Minister of the Interior. In this capacity he had to hear the lamentable complaints of the devastated departments.

"It is too true," he says, "that the enemy left acts of barbarity unheard of in modern war along their track. The greatest reproach in this respect was due to the troops of the powers of the Confederation of the Rhine, who had long followed our standards; while their plea that they had been taught the art of devastation in our school was only an additional insult. I had been in the rear of the victorious French army after the day of Jena; and though some excitement was then caused by the Emperor's bulletins and general orders, exhibiting personal resentment against the House of Prussia, the soldiers did not make any bad use of the right of power against the disarmed populations. Victory does not make France fierce and pitiless; her natural inclination to mirth and kindness is developed by it. The guard-room has its wit, and the bivouac

its humour; and even there, on close observation, may be found the light and cheerful nation laughing at everything, even danger, and making a joke of everything, even in victory. From such a soldier may heroism be expected — not barbarity; it is not in his nature." But he adds that from the general distress must be excepted the course followed by the army of the Duke of Wellington in the south. "As this general had taken the course of paying ready money for everything in solid gold, he had attracted such a quantity of provisions to his line of march, that, even with the extraordinary consumption occasioned by his passing, food declined in price."

Such a testimony is too pleasant to our national feelings to be omitted, and with this we conclude, though we could spend many more pages over the etiquettes and the difficulties attending the return of Louis XVIII., and the ins and outs of the Cabinet. The result we carry away is, that in those days there was something like a solid stratum beneath the chaos of disintegrated materials. Everyone, whether Republican, Buonapartist, or Royalist, had something to rally round, and knew it. Has the last half-century broken up even this lower foundation, and left nothing but a whirlpool to settle down when the force of agitation is over?

**A FOREST IN TRINIDAD.**—In Europe a forest is usually made up of one dominant plant — of firs or of pines, of oaks or of beeches, of birch or of heather. Here no two plants seem alike. There are more species on an acre here than in all the New Forest, Savernake, or Sherwood. Stems rough, smooth, prickly, round, fluted, stilted, upright, sloping, branched, arched, jointed, opposite-leaved, alternate-leaved, leafless or covered with leaves of every conceivable pattern, are jumbled together, till the eye and brain are tired of continually asking "What next?" The stems are of every colour — copper, pink, grey, green, brown, black as if burnt, marbled with lichens, many of them silvery white, gleaming afar in the bush, furred with mosses and delicate creeping film-ferns, or laced with the air-roots of some parasite aloft. Up this stem scrambles a climbing Seguiné (*Philodendron*) with entire leaves; up the

next another quite different with deeply cut leaves; up the next the Ceriman (*Monstera pertusa*) spreads its huge leaves, latticed and forked again and again. So fast do they grow, that they have not time to fill up the spaces between their nerves, and are consequently full of oval holes; and so fast does its spadix of flowers expand, that an actual genial heat and fire of passion, which may be tested by the thermometer, or even by the hand, is given off during fructification. Look on the next stem. Up it and down again a climbing fern, which is often seen in hothouses, has tangled its finely-cut fronds. Up the next a quite different fern is crawling, by pressing tightly to the rough bark its creeping root-stalks, furred like a hare's leg. Up the next the grim little griffe-chatte plant has walked by numberless clusters of small cat's-claws which lay hold of the bark,

Kingsley.



From Temple Bar.

## KATTO AND HER COAL-CART:

A SOUTH WALES SKETCH.

SOME thirty years ago, before the shrill whistle of the steam-engine had penetrated into the hills and valleys of Wales, the peasants of that country were a primitive race. Not only were their manners, customs, and traditions peculiar, but traits of character and circumstances of life presented themselves which were, to say the least, original. The contemplation of the simplicity of a nearly extinct generation composes the mind in these days of hurry and excitement; therefore a few recollections of the past dwellers among the mountains and valleys of a picturesque and beautiful country may not be unacceptable to the present toilers of this work-bound age.

In those times there were no companies of men to buy up and work by steam and other modern ways those rich mines which have since made their possessors millionaires; but they were laboriously sunk by the few, whose perseverance and energy stood them in the stead of inventive genius, and who served as pioneers for their restless successors. The miners then slumbered in comparative peace in their hard beds underground, and the green grass and rainbow-coloured wild flowers bloomed undisturbed above them. Collieries were few and far between, and before the railroad brought coal in abundance to the country town or village, many were the ways and means resorted to in order to supply that needful fuel. Haulage was expensive, turnpikes frequent and odious. The rich could send their waggons and carts to collieries twenty or thirty miles off; but the poor had to make many shifts. The difficulties were great even to those who could afford it. It was hard work to start a team of horses and their carter at midnight in cold frosty winter, so as to enable them to reach a colliery in the morning, load the waggons, bait the horses, and be at home again before another midnight came round. Had they overpassed the twenty-four hours, they would have been compelled to pay the turnpikes twice instead of once. But it was harder work to those who could not afford it to get fuel at all. They could not fetch it—there were no regular means of transporting it to them. Wood was plentiful, but it belonged to the rich, and even the most benevolent of these did not care to give their ancient oaks and elms up to spoliation. The bards and

druids would have arisen in wrathful protest against such desecration. Still the poor must have fire, and it was hard to get. The need brings the remedy. The peasants living round about the collieries managed to hammer up small carts, and to rope to them donkeys, or, if in luck, small rough ponies. These carts carried from six to twelve hundredweight of coal, which supplied the neighbourhood for eight or ten miles. They were mostly loaded and managed by women and children, who, while earning a small pittance for themselves, were real benefactors of the poor, for whom they laboured, and to whose class they belonged.

The scenes in which these collieries were situated were, generally, strangely wild and picturesque. There was one in a remote district of South Wales which was singularly weird and lonely. It was called Bryngoch, and lay on a low hill shut in by trees and surrounded by mountains. It looked like a big black excrescence on Nature's wild but lovely face. Below it was a green valley, through which tripped and chattered one of those delicious brooks that appear at every turn in these dales, and that received no taint from its grimy neighbour. From the mountain behind wound a rough road which passed near the colliery on one side, and wandered on eccentrically some three or four miles, till its course was checked by a high road and an obnoxious turnpike. The hedgerows of this roadlet were adorned in all seasons but winter with luxuriant wild flowers. Its especial pride were its roses and foxgloves. The roses were of a red so deep that it rivalled the hue of the foxglove—a rose rarely seen in England, and yet wildly luxuriant in that remote spot. It fell in fantastic wreaths, and grew in bowers, gracefully embracing the prouder foxglove, or hanging over the emerald fern.

No houses were visible from the colliery. There were a few huts and small farms in its vicinity; there was a chapel on a distant hill, and a little "public" within reach. There is always a "public" close at hand in these out-of-the-way places. But, isolated as it seemed, there was always sound and dim light about the colliery. Men went up and down the shaft continually with their dull Davy-lamps; waggons and carts came from afar; there were watchers day and night; small donkey-carts, with their guardian women and children, were everywhere. These women chattered with the colliers for the best coal, and were so well skilled in their

trade that they seldom failed to know it at sight. It was anthracite coal—that hard stony substance since so famous for steam purposes, so hard to kindle for domestic use, yet so enduring when once lighted. Each of these poor women had her history of labour and privation—written on her lined face—folded into her sordid dress. Some were newly-married, others old and wizened. All were anxious to add their mite to the family fund. They were daughters, wives, mothers, grandmothers of the colliers. Yes, grandmothers! for many who had begun their poor traffic as children continued it to advanced age.

There was one such whose simple story may serve to illustrate this sketch, and to make known the hard life which these poor colliers and their families lead. She was distinguished by the name of Katto Davvy *gwraig* collier, or Katto, wife of Davvy the collier. For more than half-a-century, in heat or cold, in rain or drought she had trudged her sixteen or seventeen miles three or four times a week. She and Davvy began life in a rough homestead not far from the colliery. The situation of their hut was better than its substance. The walls were unmortared, the floor of mud, the thatch blackened by time; but it was shut out from the colliery by a thick wood of oak and beech, had the brook aforementioned on one side, and a mountain at the back. In front was a lane, green in summer with the freshest of grass, brown in winter with the thickest of mud. This lane stretched into a common hard by, and served as pasture-land for Katto's donkey, pig, and geese.

This donkey was a beast of consideration, as well as burden. It took its owners many days to find him a name. At last, with true Biblical acumen, they called him Balaam, circumfixing the first syllable with pure Hebrew breadth. It sounded to Saxon ears like "Baa-lamb," but "What's in a name?" This donkey was as hardy, obstinate, enduring, tricky, and kicky as any donkey that ever lived, and Katto spoiled him, as she did her husband and children. She never beat him severely, except when he blackened the white-wash on her house by rubbing his back too vigorously against it.

She, like her countrywomen generally, believed she could not use too much white-wash, pink wash, yellow wash, or even blue-wash. This purifying mixture was everywhere. Patches of white shone on the blackened thatch of her roof, on her walls and flagstone, while the jambs, lintels, and

sills of door and windows were a bright yellow. Within-doors, again, the walls were white, the mantelpiece and cupboard yellow. Very bright it all looked when freshly laid on—very dull after a few months' wear-and-tear.

From this "cottage by the brook" Davvy went and came to his colliery at any hour of the twenty-four that claimed his labour; and hence Katto went to load her little cart at day-dawn. She had a free tongue and a loud voice, and these are powerful agents. All the colliers succumbed to them, and gave her the coals she chose at a minute's notice. What man has the courage to bandy words with a free-tongued and loud-voiced woman? Katto's "Shame for you! Ach-y-fi—to give a poor soul such trash!" was enough to frighten any man; but when she found it necessary to use still stronger language, it was sufficient to knock him down. So, thanks to good lungs and unrestrained speech, she always got what she wanted. As to Davvy, he never refused her anything; and people did say, when she was out of hearing, that he was the weaker vessel, though she certainly was the best wife that any man ever had.

When Katto left the colliery with her six hundredweight of superior coal, surmounted by a sack also full of coal, and a feed of hay or grass for Balaam, she was a happy woman. She swung along, her short petticoats giving to the world a great display of black-stockinged legs, and her loose shawl exposing overmuch of neck and bust—a stick in her hand, which she seldom used, and a conical beaver hat on her head, beneath which her black hair, black eyes, and red cheeks showed to advantage.

It was evident that she was a woman of importance. "Here comes Katto!" was heard from every cottage as she approached. The turnpike-gatekeepers greeted her with studied politeness, for she was one of those who daily grumbled at the toll, and was ready to aid in the "Rebecca Riots" which took place during her time; every one ran to meet her, either to give her a jibe or a commission. She had a jest for all, and carefully gathered news as she went along. Her errands were endless, and her memory must have been as endless as her errands. Your peasant always gets the best tea, and Katto was as good a judge of that uninebriating beverage as she was of coal. The quarters of tea she brought from "town," and distributed on her way home, were numerous: so were the pounds of

sugar, yards of flannel or calico, cap-ribbons, earthen pots and pans, ounces of tobacco, penn'orths of pills, yarn for knitting, tallow-candles, and herrings. Letters, too, were a staple article of request; and as she could not read, it was wonderful how she delivered the desired missives according to their address. But she rarely made a mistake, she had corners for everything.

Katto seldom reached the town before noon. Here she pulled up under a "spreading chestnut tree" at the corner of the churchyard, and here she left Balaam while she went in search of a customer. It was a baiting-place for donkeys, so he was among kindred spirits. Poor beasts! how patient they were!—some pulling at a truss of coarse hay, others with no hay to pull; but all-enduring in all weathers, their faces turned—where neither man nor beast likes to turn them—to the wall, their sides open to the attacks of mischievous boys, their ears and tails drooping wearily. Katto was sure to find a customer readily, so Balaam had not long to wait. He knew her voice, and his ears pricked and his tail cocked as she approached, seized the hempen rein, tugged him round, and tugged on till she reached the place where she was to unload her coal. During this operation he finished the hay begun under the chestnut tree.

For all this labour Katto received about a half-a-crown. If she carried her coal into the poor man's hole, the chances were that she had a cup of tea and a slice of bread-and-butter, or perhaps a basin of hot leek-broth, with the kindly housewife and her children; for the poor help the poor. Here she would retail the country news, and greedily swallow the town gossip with her scalding beverage, in order to give it forth wholesale as she returned home. She well knew how the *sweet innocent* country rejoices over the misdemeanours of the sinful town, and how the wicked town returns the compliment by gloating over the shortcomings of the sweet innocent country. She was a benefactress to both, for did she not carry food to the hungry souls in each? Happy Katto!—she was ever the bearer of "some new thing," which was greedily devoured by famishing gossips. From such small pebbles dropped into the lake of idleness spread the great circle of news. It took Katto some hours to collect them and her innumerable parcels, and some hours to drop them. She seldom reached home before dusk; and there were people malicious enough to wonder how she man-

aged her domestic economy. *Economy* is scarcely an apt word: Katto was lavish in her small establishment. She provided it with children in a most extravagant way. A baker's dozen graced her board in less than a dozen years, but the baker's loaves did not increase in equal ratio. When the thirteenth arrived, Davvy said, with grim satisfaction, that he was thankful it was not a twin again, because he could make a fiddler of him, to play country-dances for the six other couples. He did not say where they were to dance; but Katto suggested the green lane as the ballroom, for it was as much as they could all do to find standing-room in the hut.

In modern times it has become a subject of grave discussion whether a woman could become a Lady Chancellor, a Queen's Physician, a member of a School Board. "A lady on the woolsack, in a wig, nursing an infant!" sardonically observes one. "What is to become of the husband and children while the doctress is going her rounds, or when she is rung up o' nights?" sarcastically inquires a second. "The board at home will groan for want while the School Board secures the head of the family!" growls a third.

Katto would have swept away all these objections with the wand of genius. Her thirteen children never interfered with her profession. Soon after the advent of a new baby she and Balaam were on the road again. She was compelled to ask a neighbour to see to the first five during her absence; then the elders took care of the youngsters—in other words, they all ran the risk of being burnt or scalded to death together. But no such evil chance ever happened to them; they all thrived well. Katto did two or three days' work during the occasional hours she spent at home, and she and her family were always smart on Sundays, and ready for chapel. Moreover, when her husband and sons returned from the mines, black as the coal they had been digging, a tub of steaming water was prepared in the middle of the hut, into which they went consecutively, and out of which they emerged whitened by Katto's soap and scrubbing. What could she do more? Nothing. And she would have been as efficient as Lady Chancellor, Queen's Physician in Ordinary, or Member of a School Board; for what cannot a woman of indomitable will perform? She was, moreover, a managing mother. No fashionable fine lady ever established her daughters more readily than Katto. "Out of maidenhood, out of mischief," was her motto, and she married

them as soon as they "came out." She was a great-grandmother before she was sixty; but she positively declined being made a nurse to her grand-children, saying that she had had nursing enough. So Davvy and she lived alone in their old age, their children being married and scattered—here, there, and everywhere.

Yet not quite alone. A new inmate came to share their one apartment.

Some ladies pine for a carriage-and-pair and a presentation at Court. The ambition of Katto's modest life had been a cart and horse, and an introduction to the coal-cellars of the gentility. The difference was only in kind, and Katto's ambition was gratified. She had the satisfaction of presenting herself and introducing her daughters to the quality. She did not get so many steaming cups of tea and basins of leek-broth from her new patrons as from the old, but she had honour and glory in her horse.

She and Davvy searched Holy Writ for a name for him. They could find none; there was no horse with a name—like Balaam, for instance—in the Bible. So they called him "Cariad" (sweetheart), which to English ears seemed suitable enough, and to Welsh ones bore pleasant sounds of lovemaking.

He was one of those rough, shaggy, independent mountaineers which like human mountaineers, are hard to tame. Katto tried, and failed. Out of the shafts he was a frisky, wild, untutored beast—in them he was a veritable tyrant. Katto spoilt him; and he knew it. An intellectual quadruped has the advantage over an ignorant biped; so Cariad ruled Katto.

As soon as the cart was loaded at the mine, off started Cariad. He tarried for no gossip; Katto must overtake him as she could. He would not stop at the houses on the road, unless he was regaled by hay, grass, or bread. When Katto lightened his load by dropping the sack of coal that surmounted the twelve hundred-weight, he set off briskly, and she had to run for it. This sack was provided for some poor soul who could not afford the load. Cariad trotted on until he came to a hill, when he paused and turned his head; he would not mount it unaided. He considerably waited for Katto, looking round till he saw her floating petticoat, and setting his hoofs till he felt her shoulder at the wheel; then he condescended to pull, while she obediently pushed. If she wished to stop before she reached the top, she was obliged to let him under-

stand that a good stone beneath the wheel hindered its retreat.

Cariad required much coaxing. In summer Katto provided herself with an apronful of fresh grass, which she gathered by the way. If she kept a little in advance, the scent enticed him on; if she inadvertently came close to him, his nose was in the apron. In winter it was still more difficult. Snow was his abomination. Happily for Katto, it did not lie long on the ground in that part of the world; happily for him, if it chanced to be deep at the pit, he had no coal to haul. But the poor must have fire, and Katto was their purveyor, so she and Cariad had few holidays. She forgot her own frozen limbs, and her sixty or seventy years of hard life, in her efforts to make him do his duty. She pushed at the wheel, she tugged at the bridle, she employed every endearing epithet, to encourage him. Oh! what rain, snow, ice, wind, fog, and piercing cold they braved together!

No amount of coaxing would induce him to stop without Katto under the chestnut tree by the churchyard. He hated donkeys, and was in the habit of kicking when near them: so, as soon as Katto went off in search of her customers, Cariad turned round and followed. "He's a proud little horse, he is," laughed Katto. Whenever she sold her coal, he insisted on his feed. He would not stand still without it. Did a justice of the peace live within-doors, Cariad would still be restive till he had his way. He had no wholesome fear of the lock-up, if Katto had. "He's an obstinate little horse, he is," she would say, and put his tough hay on the ground before him.

When the messages and the gossip were done, the return home was comparatively quick and pleasant. Katto ascended into the empty cart, reins in hand proud as a peacock. One endearing epithet was enough: "Gee up, Cariad, *bach!*" and Cariad was off like a telegram. Down the hill—through the turnpike—along the level road—there was no stopping him, until he came to an acclivity; then he stopped of his own accord, and would not proceed until Katto dismounted, and once more put her shoulder to the wheel.

Like most animals, he was fond of children, and would pause willingly for them. The kindly Katto never saw one trudging along under a baby or a burden but she gave the youngster a lift. But when she performed a similar good office for the old, she was compelled to stand at Cariad's

head, and kiss and fondle him while they mounted.

The road they pursued was varied and beautiful. In spring the hedgerows were covered with hawthorn, primroses, and bluebells; birds sang in every tree, green meadows were on all sides. At each turn was a landscape for a painter. Happy Katto! she enjoyed it insensibly. When she came to the ford that crossed the road, it is true she did not know that she was in the midst of a scene that would have made a lovely picture; but she did know that the clear water washed the wheels of her cart and the legs of Cariad, and that he drank greedily. When she turned into the long mountainous road, she was aware that it was lonely and wild; but she knew also that the scattered poor were honest, and would harm neither her nor Cariad. However dark the night, however wild the weather, they were unmolested, save by the friendly greeting of wayfarers like themselves.

When they reached home, Davvy was there to receive them. He was a sober man, as times were: that is to say, sobriety not drunkenness, was his normal state, and Katto boasted that he seldom was drunk except on a holiday.

It had come to pass that Cariad's very rough shed had given way, so he was promoted to a corner of the hut. Davvy, Katto, and he shared the same bedroom. Nothing loth, he walked into it at night, and made himself comfortable on such a bed as was prepared for him. If it chanced that snow covered the scant winter grass of the lane, he would even spend his day within-doors, if there was no coal to haul without.

In this way the trio went on together. Cariad reached his twentieth year of service when Davvy and Katto were over fourscore. They were beginning to grow old. Katto sometimes asked herself what was the matter with her. She was only eighty-three—it couldn't be age: Jane, the smith, was ninety to a day, and sharp enough. Still, age it was; and Davvy could no longer work in the mines. Very sad is this old age to the poor, though they are resigned, and even cheerful.

As for Cariad, he did his best. His limbs grew stiff, but he worked on. He was no longer frisky, and years brought wisdom. He did as he was bid. The only thing that excited him and Katto was the train. Just before they retired from this shifting scene, steam-engines entered upon their path, terrifying and disgusting them. All that he could do, to

protest against them, he did. When the monster horse raced by him, snorting forth its steam, he stood still and snorted in angry return. Katto, meanwhile, would apostrophize him, saying, "It is time for you, and me, and the cart to give up. There's coal enough gone by us for town and country; but ach-y-fi, Cariad, what rubbish it is! That big brute don't care what he carries."

But Cariad was not one to give in; he grew stiffer and stiffer, but he hauled on. At last he got so stiff that Davvy and Katto were obliged to help him on his legs, support him to the cart, and finally bring, not him to the cart, but the cart to him. Once in the shafts, he was himself again. His dim eyes brightened, his drooping ears pricked; he was conscious of support, and, like an old war-horse at sound of trumpet, or superannuated hunter at blast of horn, he started briskly when he heard Katto's feeble "Gee-up, Cariad! Come, you darling! we will be home again directly."

How they went, and how they returned, nobody could tell; but they kept going till the end. When they came home at night, Cariad was half carried back to his corner, and fell down helpless on his straw. Katto and Davvy fed him, and what they offered he ate contentedly. Children and grandchildren came to see them, and helped when Katto would let them; but, for the most part, the three friends lived alone together. Katto was long very unhappy concerning the future state of Cariad; she could not believe that so "good a Christian" as he was would perish for ever. At last she made up her mind that, if good works were to be rewarded hereafter, Cariad's would not be unpaid, and that he and she, who had laboured so long, would meet Davvy, and others who had received little of this world's good, in that heaven provided for the humble. The minister was scandalized when she told him her belief, but she maintained it.

All the neighbours were kind to the old couple and the old horse. One would be at the hut betimes to help Cariad into the shafts; another would load the cart for Katto; a third would help Davvy to fetch straw for the bed. But they were obliged to do it discreetly. "Do you think I'm getting old?" Katto would ask, sharply. "*Ach yn wir*, no," would be the answer; "but the poor little horse is stiff in his joints."

One fine spring day Davvy resolved to accompany Katto and Cariad "to town."



Poor Cariad seemed brisker than usual, owing, Katto said, "to the oil she had rubbed into him." He stumbled into his shafts, and hobbled on his way. The old couple hobbled after him. They were many hours on the road, but the sun was so bright, and the air so balmy, that they did not count the time. Everybody had a kind word for them. They had cups of tea, and noggins of ale, and primrose-scented, tender grass wherever they went. That age which seemed so hard was their halo of protection. "Poor old Katto!" sounded on all sides.

She could gossip as she liked now. Cariad was only too glad to stand still and munch the oaten bread they gave him at the cottage-doors, and Davvy to sit by the fire and rest. When they reached the town an old customer gave them a dinner and an extra shilling, and their aged hearts grew cheerful. Thanks to food, fire, and *cwru-da* (good ale), they were at home early. No one was there to help, so Davvy and Katto managed Cariad between them. He was so stiff that they could scarcely get him across the mud floor of the hut to the straw in the corner. When there, they even helped him to lie down. He rubbed his old nose upon Katto's face as she stooped over him, and fixed his eye on her. Davvy heaped up the straw meanwhile.

"Thou'rt near thirty years old, Cariad,"

said Katto; "and Davvy and I are nearly ninety. God help us!"

"Amen!" said Davvy, reverently.

She lifted up her hands and eyes.

Something like a sigh came from Cariad. She stooped over him again. His eyes were closed, his nostril was slightly dilated. "Cariad! Cariad, *back!*" said Katto, stroking his neck and face. "Davvy, Davvy, come here." Davvy went. The poor souls bent together over the old horse; they uttered a simultaneous cry. He was dead.

They sat down on the straw by his side; they put their arms about him; they called him by his name; they wept piteously. It was all in vain; their friend and support was gone for ever. He had drawn his last breath gently, and had died almost in harness.

A grandson came in, and found Davvy and Katto still on the floor by his side. He ran for help, and they put the poor old people to bed—made them potions of that general panacea, tea—comforted them, by lamenting their loss with them.

But they could not be comforted; their feeble stay was gone, and with him their independence. They were compelled to appeal to the parish, but they did not burden it long. A favourite grandchild supplied in some sort, the place of the departed Cariad, and waited upon them until they followed their friend to "the land o' the leal."

THE VENUS OF MILO AT THE LOUVRE. —We mentioned some short time back that the famous Venus of Milo had been again placed in the sculpture gallery of the Louvre, and was now exposed to view. The following was the manner in which this *chef-d'œuvre* came into the possession of France:—In 1820, a Greek peasant of the island of Milo—the ancient Melos of the Cyclades—in digging the ground, found it buried, and broken in three fragments, in a recess about seven or eight feet below the surface. The French consul at Milo was then M. Brest, whom the peasant informed of his treasure, and offered to sell it for a small sum. The functionary, who knew little about the fine arts, referred to M. Duval d'Ailly, commander of the French Government transport, the *Emulation*, then at the island. The latter proposed to purchase the statue immediately, and remove it to his vessel. But this proceeding was too hasty for the formalist, M. Brest, who wrote a long letter to the Marquis de Rivière, Ambassador for Louis XVIII. at the Porte. This communication was lost on the way, but, fortunately for

France, M. Dumont d'Urville arrived at that moment in Milo to conduct a hydrographical survey. He saw the statue, recognized at once the value of it, and sent a special courier to the Marquis de Rivière. The ambassador despatched Count de Marcellus to Milo, with instructions to effect the purchase. But all these formalities had taken time, and when the Count arrived in the island, the Venus had been shipped on board a Turkish brig, and was about to leave for Constantinople. He immediately applied to the primate, who, pressed by his insistence, and even menaces, ordered the statue to be landed and sold by auction. This was what Count de Marcellus desired; and, having become possessor of the treasure, he started for France with it, and did not stop until he had reached Paris. He had bought it in the name of the Marquis de Rivière, who transferred his bargain to Louis XVIII., and the King presented the statue to the nation. Such is the history of one of the most exquisite specimens of Greek art in the world.

Galignani.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE.

In England there is no form of writing so little appreciated as dramatic poetry; no art so little prized as that of dramatic representation; the two things are naturally connected, and the one without the other has no vitality; we may therefore put the statement thus: dramatic poetry has ceased to grow in our country, because the stage which is necessary to its development has become sterile. To read a play as a poem in seclusion, is to most minds a disagreeable exertion. Few can supply the action of the piece from their own unaided imaginations, and without the action the dialogue becomes dull; it is troublesome to follow elaborate stage directions, with no idea of the stage to help the effort; and it is still more fatiguing to exert a continual vigilance in order to keep the speakers distinct where the dialogue is of a varied character. For these reasons the dramatic form will exclude works of the highest order from extensive popularity in any country where there is no stage fit for their exhibition, and such poems as "Philip Van Artevelde," "St. Clement's Eve," "The Sicilian Summer," and "The Spanish Gypsy," will circulate only gradually among students of literature, exceptional existences in the small core of the reading mass. In reply to this assertion, it will be said, "You forget our greatest poet — look at Shakespeare;" but the rejoinder is, "Yes, look at Shakespeare; we have not forgotten him — and we have not forgotten how little he is read." Most houses contain a copy of his works, but in a very few is that copy often handled. His reputation was made by the acting of his plays. He was popularized by the players. Those who had wept or laughed with the poet's interpreters turned over his pages afterwards to renew the delight of their awakened sympathies; but such sensibilities are spontaneous only with the emotionally or intellectually gifted; and, now that dramatic poetry is dead to the English stage, it is also dead to English society. If there were an exact census to be made of the readers of Shakespeare in England, the number returned would be infinitely small. Of the casual readers of this paper, how many are there who really ever take down a volume of Shakespeare's plays from their honoured shelf to read a drama for the sake of entertainment? We may venture to assert that the only plays familiar to the public, even by name, are those which are still sometimes performed — *Hamlet*,

*Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*; and to no considerable number of the feminine portion of London society, even these are better known through the medium of the opera singers than any other. If any particular verbal passages are still handed about it is only because they are quoted in a novel of the day, or in some light magazine article; and yet there is an increasing circulation of Shakespeare's works. But their sale does not depend on the general reader. The reputation of the poet causes his volumes to be purchased for most libraries as things which must be there, whether they are to be opened or not. It is a kind of stage property — for show, not for use; also it is a prize book in schools; and it must be borne in mind besides that, however negligent ordinary readers may be of his works, students of literature, throughout the whole civilized world, love and reverence the dramatist whose genius is of all others the widest in scope and the most universal in humanity. In France, in Italy, in America, in Russia — all exclusively literary men and women are familiar with his writings; and in Germany, because the plays translated by Schlegel, Tieck, and Schiller are continually acted, they are really popularly known; to a certain extent, this is the case also in Italy, where the great tragedian Salvini has excited the sympathy of multitudes in Shakesperian characters. Thus the circulation of the poet augments, while the bulk of the reading world is really profoundly ignorant of his writings. Any one who will take the trouble to make investigations on this subject, — in general society — either in town or country, will find that for one hundred young ladies who have read Tennyson's poems collectively, one has read through one play of Shakespeare's; the proportion among young men might perhaps be five per cent.; and yet Shakespeare is undoubtedly the most popular dramatic poet in England. The death of the dramatic art as connected with poetry upon the English stage is due to a variety of causes. In the first place, there exists a large section of the British public to whom an acted play appears in the light of an impiety, whatever the nature of the play may be; in the second place, late dinner hours and a continually increasing number of these and other social meetings, prevail against the playhouses; and in the third place, the more easy stimulus of novel reading, and the growth of exciting morning diversions, use up the physical energies, leaving the mind unfit for any further effort. These causes, and many more, act upon that class

of society which might otherwise be disposed to encourage the poetical acted drama, and consequently the stage in London is given up mostly now to the exhibition of ballets or burlesques, where there is no sort of strain upon the attention or upon the emotions, and where, in short, no exertion of intelligence is required either in the performers or the spectators, so that each individual of the audience, and each individual of the dramatic company, grows every day more languid in his vocation. Under these circumstances, dramatic readings are attempted as a kind of compromise between acted and unacted poetry; sometimes they are undertaken by enthusiasts, sometimes by speculators, sometimes by artists of considerable genius, and in many cases the entertainment offered to the public in this way is of a high order; but, however distinguished some gifted persons may be as dramatic readers, the art can never be so true in all its bearings as that of play acting. The variety of tone, the many different assumptions of character, and the degree of animation required to excite the interest of a multitude in the reading of a play, are necessarily at war with the fixity of the reader's position, and the presence of his book; nor is it really possible that any one man or woman, however dexterous, can adequately represent the conflicting passions of opposite characters in complex situations.

"Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious, loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man." In the attempt to execute what is impossible, a dramatic reader, though his endeavor may exhibit great ability and agility, must be untrue, and will generally fall into exaggeration of gesture, and often into the worse faults of grimace and mimicry. But even if he escapes these things, his performance must either be a little flat and dead, as Lord Bacon says good books are wont to be, or it must be forced into that debateable land between the stage and the reading desk where the proper limits of neither style are observed. For these reasons dramatic reading cannot be accepted as a true substitute for the acted drama.

In France, although some of the same forces which have prevailed in England have been in operation of late years against the cultivation of the highest forms of dramatic art, the existence of the Société Comédie de la Française as a body protected by the Government funds, has enabled the drama still to support itself in spite of its enemies, and for the satisfac-

tion of its friends. This society, established in the time of Louis XIV., is a corporation of which the actors are shareholders under the special protection of the State. There is a fixed fund reserved for pensions to the retired actors, and this is an important part of the constitution. And there is also a department of the conservatoire whose duty it is to train pupils for the supply of the Théâtre Français; the laws of the society are strict, and insist upon the representation of the classical drama of Racine, Corneille and Molière annually for a certain number of evenings: no care is omitted for the fostering of genius. Here, then, independent of "the grossest taste of grossest numbers," the most cultivated artists have been able to delight that educated portion of society which takes an interest in poetry and in the elaborate development of artistic excellence. How long this will continue to be the case is no less uncertain than the present prospect of the whole French nation, and the government of September last announced a considerable diminution in the annual contribution to the funds of the Théâtre Français as a necessary consequence of the national loss involved in a disastrous war. However justifiable this measure may have been, we regret its adoption, as being calculated to injure one of the most perfect national institutions of France; but, when the present crisis is passed, the subsidy may possibly be reinforced, and meanwhile we can hardly desire for Paris that phase of exclusive art-worship which at one time made it a capital offence in Athens to propose the diversion of any portion of the State theatrical fund to any other purpose, even to that of the national defence. The drama has occupied a sufficient place in the Parisian mind hitherto; society and literature have concerned themselves greatly with its progress, and all Paris has been astir at the production of any new creation of dramatic poetry, as at a high festival.

Few of the many political revolutions which have occurred among the Parisians have made a greater sensation than that rebellion against the established form of tragedy which was led by Victor Hugo in the year 1829, when he brought out his great drama of *Hernani* at the Théâtre Français. A brilliant account of this event is given in the work called "*Victor Hugo; Raconté par un témoin de sa vie.*" It was a civil war carried on in the play-house. Young France was struggling to redeem a national institution

from slavish fetters; Old France was making a final effort to maintain the classical discipline which dated from the time of Malherbe; which held tragedy stiffly up, which imprisoned her passions in a narrow space, which forbade her to speak out, which ordered her to use verbal amplification in the place of dignity, which dressed the muse in brocades, and told her that epigrammatic precision was necessary to a well-governed imagination, which insisted upon monotony of verse and monotony of scene as a law of decorum, and which looked upon every outbreak of natural emotion as an insult to art. *Hernani* was a fierce challenge to the conventions of the classical school; irregular in construction, despising verbal etiquette, casting aside the "juste cadence" of Racine, its passion was free, its graces were unexampled, its harmonies sounded from the depth of the human heart in strange varieties; it offered a continual defiance to the critics, and the poet had not only to contend with his audience, but with his actors, whose belief was in Racine, and whose joy was in the aristocracy. Mdlle. Mars was a true disciple of the *ancien régime*. Her passion was accustomed to wear stays; directness was unintelligible to her; the cry of agony was too piercing for her ears; a woman without conventionality, and a tragedy without buckram, were anomalies which offended her taste, and throughout the rehearsals she opposed herself to the author. Every morning she affected to be ignorant of his presence in the orchestra where he was seated, and with an artificial grace of manner, covering an impertinence, she asked, "M. Hugo est-il là?" Upon his rising to question what she wished him to do, she replied that a line she had to say greatly surprised her. After telling Dona Sol that he is an outlaw, *Hernani* says, "Je suis bien malheureux," and Dona Sol, with a burst of enthusiasm answers, "Vous êtes mon lion superbe et généreux." It was here that the actress stumbled—"C'est qu'en vérité cela me semble si drôle, d'appeler M. Firmin 'mon lion,'" she said.

The poet rejoined that in that case she thought too much of herself and too little of the drama. She must imagine *Hernani* and forget M. Firmin; "C'est bien; puisque vous tenez à votre *lion* n'en parlons plus; allons, Firmin, vous êtes mon lion superbe, superbe et généreux. Cela m'est bien égal;" and thus the controversy would conclude for one day, but only to be renewed the next. After repeating

her objection for several days successively without variation, Mdlle. Mars at last suggested an alteration in the line. She thought it would sound better to say, "Vous êtes, monseigneur, superbe et généreux." Est-ce que monseigneur ne fait pas le vers comme mon lion?" she demanded. And the poet answered, "Si fait, madame; seulement 'mon lion' relève le vers et monseigneur l'aplatit; j'aime mieux être sifflé pour un bon vers qu'applaudi pour un méchant." Then the actress, "C'est bien, c'est bien, ne nous fâchons pas," and the rehearsal continued. But the insolence of these repeated attacks finally irritated the poet, and he requested Mdlle. Mars to surrender the part to another lady. The actress was alarmed; she was fifty years old, and consequently held a slippery position as the ideal of youth and beauty. It was evident that there would be danger in the appearance of a younger lady in her part, so she made up her mind to endure the poet's irregularities for the sake of his support, and promised to do her very best for Dona Sol.

The first evening of representation was an anxious one for the author. In fevered excitement he stood at the wings, and saw the curtain rise upon a house crowded and agitated to the utmost degree. The aristocracy of Paris, decorated, jewelled, resplendent in beauty, filled the boxes; Young France, admitted by the poet at an early hour in the afternoon, thronged the pit and galleries. Long-haired, shaggy, in grotesque costume, with slouched hats, with Spanish mantles, with long beards, with divers coloured raiments, offending the eyes of fashion, they waited for the battle. The opening scenes of the tragedy were allowed to pass unmolested, but Mdlle. Mars missed her usual reception. Her friends were silent because of their disapprobation of the author, and the author's friends were not hers; when Young France applauded, Old France groaned; feelings grew hotter as the piece proceeded and in the third act many lines were hissed. Joanny, who played Ruy Gomez, held his position with difficulty in the portrait scene, but Young France was vigorous, and he carried it safely through the storm. In the fourth act the beautiful monologue of Charles V. conquered all prejudice and silenced all opposition. The poet was supreme, and the success of the tragedy was now a certainty. A publisher who was present offered six thousand francs for the drama on the spot; the great cause was gained, and the tragic muse was free.

At subsequent representations, however, the conflict was renewed, and specially daring lines were vehemently applauded, and strongly opposed, by the contending parties. The journals of the time announced the progress of the warfare; crowds discussed it in the streets; the poet's house was surrounded; the players had a hard time of it, but the tragedy held its own. The Romantic school had won the day.

This great dramatic revolution was followed in a few months by a political one; in the year 1830, Charles X. became an exile, and Louis Philippe accepted the sovereignty of France. Victor Hugo himself, ardent, triumphant in the embrace of his liberated muse, began now to meditate also upon the birth of national freedom, and abjured his early conservative opinions. The *ancien régime*, whether in prose or verse, became abhorrent to him. His greatest works were written after the production of *Hernani*. His imagination saw no limits to its exercise. Within the span of his hand he could grasp the universe. With a stroke of his pen he could sweep over heaven and hell; over all earth, and all humanity. In the vastness of his range he is unequalled among living poets; and in that particular none have ever surpassed him. But the school of classical criticism still writhes under his verbal audacities, and under the license which he allows himself in every possible direction. *Le Roi s'amuse* is of all his tragedies the most remarkable for genius, for poetry, and for scorn of constraint. It was performed for the first time in the reign of Louis Philippe, but although its success on the stage was complete, the representation of it was stopped—first, upon the plea of political offence; and secondly, upon that of immorality. The drama contained actually no sort of allusion to the reigning sovereign, and if it was to be prohibited because it marked Francis I. as a profligate king, *Hamlet* might as well be forbidden because King Claudius is exhibited as the murderer of his brother. The poetry of *Le Roi s'amuse* is little known in England, but an English version of it has been played under the title of *The King's Jester*, and the outline of the plot, in all its license and all its horror, is familiar through Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto*. Propriety is satisfied by the substitution of tunes for poetry, and the most doubtful situations are tolerated because they are introduced with music.

The scope of this powerful drama, however, is not immoral; it is no more im-

moral than Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*, which, under the title of *The Bridal*, was produced during the management of Mr. Macready, with some slight alterations, and became the most popular of his revivals; nor than *King Lear*, nor than *Measure for Measure*, nor than any other of the many tragic dramas, the plots of which necessarily entail some scenes of a revolting character. Scenes of this nature will, unless they are commanded by the highest genius, be an offence to art, but they will not affect public morals. It is rather in the soft, insinuating, well-disguised, passionate excess that moral danger may be apprehended. The establishment of the romantic drama upon the stage of the Théâtre Français gave a new impulse to the poetry of France, and many poetical plays of considerable beauty and power have been brought out since that time. The most distinguished French authors have written for the stage. A catalogue of them would be too long for our space, but the names of Alfred de Musset, Dumas, Octave Feuillet, Augier, Sardou, Coppée, Pailleuron, may be mentioned as familiar even to English readers, who are generally very ill-informed of the progress of French poetry, whether dramatic or lyrical. In the world of art, there is no greater delight than the life which the acted drama gives to poetry when it is interpreted by players worthy of their office, such as those whom we have lately listened to at the theatre in the Strand, where the members of the Société Française, driven out of Paris by the disasters attending upon civil war, took refuge for the exercise of their calling. How beautiful it was to hear Delaunay and Favart pour into the poetry of De Musset the passion and the music of their recitation! How excellent to watch them as they gradually worked upon the feelings of a cold, insufficient foreign audience, and reached its soul, and forced it to acknowledge the perfect poet in his perfect interpretation! How much pathos lies in that unbounded faith in their art which carried these players through the most discouraging circumstances without a faltering moment! When first these artists performed Alfred de Musset's dramatic poem of "La Nuit d'Octobre" in the Strand the half-empty house looked cheerless; among those present, probably not more than a dozen knew anything of the poem to be recited, and not half that number had ever heard the names of those who were to recite it. In Paris the Théâtre Français used to be thronged for this per-



formance, and the favourite performers were received with enthusiastic greetings. Here, there was a chill silence. There was no scenery, no decoration, no costume, to animate an assemblage accustomed to look to such sources for animation. There was only a poet in his daily dress, talking to his muse, who was veiled in white. There was no music but that of their voices; no change but the alternations of the poet's emotion. But then, such voices will be heard, such emotion will be answered, such a poet will conquer. The artists believed in their work, and it was done. The blank astonishment which prevailed at the opening of the piece was changed to admiration at its close; and London players, after the second representation given by Delaunay and Favart of De Musset's poem, began to ask for more. By means of the players, this fine production of the poet's genius has become known to many English people, who believed before that no Frenchman could write anything but prose. Alfred de Musset, whether writing in verse or prose, is always a poet: his plays are for the most part comedies, but true comedy, however bright and sparkling its surface may be, has its depths of sadness, if we know how to sound them. The top wave dances in the sunshine, but the water beneath is sombre; all the glorious hues of heaven's light meet upon the face of one fair flower till it glows with beauty, but its root is in the dark earth; and bright blossoms show fairest when tears of night, trembling as they reflect the radiance of the sun, still hang about them. If a plaintive undertone rings through the laugh of pleasantry, a deeper sorrow pervades the humour of the satirist; and while he plays and wantons with the spirit of ridicule in wildest mirth, then the pain at his heart is most sharp and most stinging. Of all De Musset's comedies, the strongest in light and deepest in shadow is *Les Caprices de Marianne*,—where the scene is at Naples, and the period is that of François I., where the gay profligate Octave woos his cousin Marianne for his friend Celio, his cousin being married to an old, cruel man, from whose side she never stirs unless to go to mass. She is dutiful; but exasperated by Claudio's unjust suspicions, in hot anger she invites Octave to serenade her. He substitutes Celio for himself. Marianne overhears a plot between her husband and his servant for the murder of the serenader, and leans out from her balcony to give a warning cry to Octave. Celio, hearing the name of his friend, believes

himself betrayed by him, and dies by the hand of Claudio's hired assassin under that belief.

The play is short; but it is an exposition of life in all its mirth and all its bitterness. It is like a sharp and glittering toy dagger, which cuts deep.

The scene of the drama never changes, every dialogue takes place on the same piazza. The old man and his confidential servant hold there the colloquies which end in a murder. They are ludicrous figures; the excess of jealousy, of self-adulation, of despotic, narrow thought on the one hand, and on the other, of cringing, low, obsequious flattery, makes the two men grotesque and grimly comical; they excite laughter, but the merriment is cynical, for the sense of a great wrong is always present with them; when they retire it is Octave who, in a tone of jest, addresses Marianne, playing, trifling, but with a profound meaning, while Marianne replies with stately irony, but gives way little by little to that significant banter, and then the lover standing still, seems the centre statue of that same piazza; fixed in his dream; hopeless; living on one thought; lost in the ideal; forgetful of self; divine in his despair; he gives forth his soul in music, uttering the sweetest melodies of a poet's heart without the limits of rhythm.

The prose of De Musset's most finished comedies has a cadence in it not so marked as to fatigue the ear, yet so perceptible as to give it the grace of symmetry with the charm of recurring periods. In some prose writings, for instance, in Sir Philip Sidney's, and especially in his "Arcadia," this kind of melody sometimes falls into the fault of monotony, but many of his passages are unrivalled in their sweetness; and in the highest order of prose composition generally, a distinct cadence may be observed by an appreciative ear. In Burke's writings, and in Milton's and Cowley's prose works, it is evident to any attentive reader, and great delight is derived from it. Those who are familiar with the French language will feel a delicious music in Celio's description of his love, which we extract here from *Les Caprices de Marianne*:—

"Vingt fois j'ai tenté de l'aborder : vingt fois j'ai senti mes genoux fléchir en approchant d'elle. Quand je la vois, ma gorge se serre et j'étouffe, comme si mon cœur se soulevait jusqu'à mes lèvres. . . . Pourquoi donc suis-je ainsi ? pourquoi ne saurais-je aimer cette femme comme toi, Octave, tu l'aimerais, ou comme j'en aimerais une autre ? pourquoi ce qui te

rendrait joyeux et empressé, ce qui t'attirerait toi comme l'aiguille aimantée attire le fer, me rend-il triste et immobile? Qui pourrait dire ceci est gai ou triste? la réalité n'est qu'une ombre. Appelle imagination ou folie ce qui la divinise. Alors la folie est la beauté elle-même. Chaque homme marche enveloppé d'un réseau transparent qui le couvre de la tête aux pieds; il croit voir des bois et des fleuves, des visages divins, et l'universelle nature se taint sous ses regards des nuances infinies du tissu magique. . . ."

We invite also the attention of our readers to the following exquisite piece of dialogue between Octave and Marianne in the same comedy:—

"OCTAVE.

"Deux mots, de grâce, belle Marianne, et ma réponse sera courtoise. Combien de temps pensez-vous qu'il faille faire la cour à la bouteille que vous voyez pour obtenir d'elle un accueil favorable? Elle est comme vous dites, toute pleine d'un esprit céleste, et le vin du peuple lui ressemble aussi peu qu'un paysan à son seigneur. Cependant regardez comme elle est bonne personne! Un mot a suffi pour la faire sortir du cellier; toute poudreuse encore, elle s'en est échappée pour me donner un quart d'heure d'oubli, et mourir! Sa couronne empourprée de cire odorante est aussitôt tombée en poussière, et je ne puis vous le cacher, elle a failli passer toute entière sur mes lèvres dans la chaleur de son premier baiser.

"MARIANNE.

"Êtes-vous sûr qu'elle en vaut davantage? et si vous êtes un de ses vrais amants n'iriez-vous pas si la recette en était perdue en chercher la dernière goutte jusque dans la bouche du volcan?

"OCTAVE.

"Elle n'en vaut ni plus ni moins! Dieu n'en a pas caché la source au sommet d'un pic inabordable, au fond d'une caverne profonde; il l'a suspendue en grappes dorées sur nos brillants coteaux. Elle est, il est vrai, rare et précieuse, mais elle ne défend pas qu'on l'approche. Elle se laisse voir aux rayons du soleil, et toute une cour d'abbâilles et de frelons murmurent autour d'elle matin et soir. Le voyageur dévoré de soif peut se reposer sur ses rameaux verts: jamais elle ne l'a laissé languir, jamais elle ne lui a refusé les douces larmes dont son cœur est plein. Ah! Marianne, c'est un don fatal que la beauté: la sagesse dont elle se vante est sœur de l'avarice, et il y a parfois plus de miséricorde pour ses faiblesses que pour sa cruauté. Bon soir, cousine. . . ."

The representation of Alfred de Musset's comedies upon the stage demands the highest art in the players. We have seen some of his most beautiful pieces here this season, so rendered that the poet's concep-

tion has appeared instinct with its true life for every spectator. None who have seen it can ever forget the working out of each separate character in *Les Caprices de Marianne* by the company of the Théâtre Français; the gloomy, suspicious, pitiless old Claudio as he was exhibited by the keen intellect of Got, the low-minded Tibia, his valet and slave, personated by Coquelin, the high-bred grace and culminating passion of Mademoiselle Favart in the dialogue of Marianne, or the exquisite finish of Bressant's irony in Octave, or the tender beauty of Delaunay's modulations in his long strain of lament, so sweet that the ear dreaded the moment when it should cease, so passionate that no living soul could reject the persuasions of such a sorrow; the actor implicitly trusted his author, he maintained throughout a remarkable stillness, his attitude was fixed as his feeling, he was *cette gracieuse mélancolie*, which is saluted by Octave as the very opposite of animation. He moved like a somnambulist, and he spoke like a poet. The same Delaunay who is the ideal of a love sorrow in *Les Caprices* is the embodiment of joyous life in *Le Menteur*; here his follies are forgiven him for his smile, and at the height of his self-glorification, of his boastings, of his vain lies, he persuades his audience to sympathy from the utter gaiety of his heart; his laugh is a stirring music, his romancing is a young enthusiasm, his step is light and airy, his garments flutter with his fancy, he is like a butterfly in sunshine; as charming and not more responsible; such a being seems an addition to the gladness of existence—who can be angry with his deceiving? it is a frolic.

Charles Matthews, in a translation of Corneille's comedy called *The Liar*, which is very inferior to the original, played the same part; he was clever, he talked fast and walked fast, and he was funny; but he missed the enthusiasm, the romance, the belief in himself—the poetical element which made the essence of Delaunay's representation, and which gave its true meaning to the comedy.

An artist such as Delaunay, able to represent two wholly opposite characters with absolute perfection, would be an exceptional excellence, the leader, the star of any other company than that of the Comédie Française; but here he is only one of a brilliant constellation. In this association an equal genius is felt throughout, the harmony is entire, each part is given with the same consummate skill. Got surprises as much by his variety of

power as by his elaborate finish. He is strong, he is true, he is wonderfully comic, he is profoundly pathetic. Bressant, less vigorous and less enthusiastic, has a distinction in high-bred characters which no other actor has attained, and has at all times an ease and a gentlemanly bearing, and a delicate finish of style in which none can surpass him. Coquelin with his broader manner is delicious in the humour of Molière or of Alfred de Musset, and has shown also considerable force in strongly-marked pathetic situations; those who have seen Mademoiselle Favart in Julie, in Marianne, in L'Aventurière, and in de Musset's Muse, know how she can maintain dignity of manner in the very whirlwind of passion, how tenderly she can plead for compassion, how she can wither and kill with her tone of sarcasm. There is nothing sharper than her irony; but whatever passion rings in its accents, her voice never loses the richness of its harmonies. Then there are Mesdames Royer, Prevost Ponsin, Messieurs Talbot, Chéri, Boucher, and Febvre, all excellent in their art, and yet willing to assume characters which appear unimportant until their acting gives them weight.

If to the ordinary spectator such perfection in the show of the ideal is pleasant to witness, how full the measure of delight must be which it brings to the poet! Such delicate, such exquisite finish in action and in speech, such force and such intellect, as we have seen combined in the performance of Molière's, Reynauld's, Augier's, and de Musset's finest works, must tend to exalt the character of any intelligent audience; it would be impossible to see Molière's *Misanthrope* played as it was by this company without feeling the intellectual faculties stimulated and strengthened. In construction, the *Misanthrope* is perhaps the most excellent of Molière's works; in dialogue it is inferior to none, in the character of Alceste it possesses a personal interest which is wanting in many of his comedies. That interest is heightened in the personation of Bressant by the finest perception and the most complete combination of voice and gesture, while Mlle. Favart, as Célimène, the coquette, who entrals him with her airs and graces, with her fine ironies and her beautiful delivery of the language, crowns his performance by a full explanation of the effect produced upon him. Delaunay, as the coxcombical marquis, which in other hands might appear an insignificant part, exhibits with rare perfection a type of the vapid courtier of the Louis XIV. epoch.

Vain, self-sufficient, petty in his aims, happy in their fulfilment, showy in his dress, profuse in his civilities, too conceited to be ill-natured, too vain to be good-natured, empty in thought, lively in movement, his presence on the stage is a relief to the graver satires of the comedy, and the effect he produces is so marked, that he seems present even when he is off the scene.

English audiences, looking on at performances so excellent as these, are wont to say, "Ah! you see the French are a naturally dramatic people; that is why they act so well;" but this is a mistake. The Société de la Comédie Française is exceptional in its perfection even in Paris — it has been gradually developed, it is the result of labour. Genius seeks out the Théâtre Française because there it can be trained, there it can learn tradition, there it can be rewarded. These conditions could not exist if the establishment were not partly supported by national funds. No theatre which depends solely upon immediate success, no theatre which is a mere money speculation, will ever become a great school of art. It is in countries where the playhouses are not dependent upon the favour of the masses, that a high order of drama exists as a public entertainment. At Berlin and Dresden there are companies equal in finish to the Société Française, and perhaps still higher in their aims. An Englishman who wishes to see Shakespeare thoroughly well acted must go to Germany. In England, occasional managers have wished to give classical entertainments, but unassisted by government, able to live only upon the applause of the moment, resting in fact upon the approbation of the coarser tastes which mark the bulk of the playgoing public, they have broken down, and the consequence of this deterioration of the stage has been a steadily increasing deterioration among audiences. There is no general feeling for dramatic art remaining in England. Those who go to the play go only to break the evening with something less dull than being at home, and continually use the dialogue of the players as a stimulus for their own powers of conversation, carrying on their idle talk as a running accompaniment. Bad though this be, it is not the worst form of the British play-goer. Regret and lamentation over the decay of the English stage, however, can do no good service; it remains to those who see in a well-directed drama the means of a wholesome recreation, to study with zeal the perform-

ances of the distinguished artists of foreign countries who come to visit London, whether French, Italian, or German. The French company which has so lately delighted us, has gone through strange vicissitudes. The ladies of the company have been the nurses of wounded soldiers, and M. Got, ready for the call of duty, has played Figaro in the costume of a National Guard. A great national calamity drove them from their own abode of art to seek the favour of a foreign nation, and this may have given them an additional claim to our sympathy, but under whatever circumstances they come, true artists must ever be welcome to the educated sections of all peoples.

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From The Spectator.

#### OUR MUSSULMAN SUBJECTS.

ANYBODY who thinks it an easy task to govern our Indian Empire, or desires to know how much of vital force yet lives in the Mussulman creed, should read the demi-official pamphlet in boards in which Mr. W. W. Hunter has recounted the history of the fifty years' struggle between our Government and the Wahabees of Bengal. Dim rumours of that great contest, incomparably the most dangerous as well as the strangest in which we have ever been engaged, have from time to time reached England, in the shape of stories of frontier expeditions, usually disastrous, or records of convictions for treason; but here we have for the first time its entire history from 1822, when Syud Ahmed, brigand and Doctor of Mohammedan Law, founded at Sitana beyond the Peshawur frontier the colony which has never ceased to ray out missionaries preaching throughout India the solemn duty of extirpating Europeans, to the present hour, when in every county of the vast Delta the devotees of Mohammedan Protestantism, Puritan ascetics, zealous as Ultramontanes, faithful as Catholic priests, fearless as Jesuits, are preaching under a hundred disguises the obligation of slaughter, rousing a deadly hate among millions of our Mussulman subjects, and converting, sometimes by thousands a week, the degraded castes of Bengal into Mohammedans so fanatic that they, by birth despised Bengalees, so cowardly and so puny that they are forbidden to enter our armies, set Sepoys at defiance, and have been known to die fighting hand to hand in the open against the dreaded Europeans. Very few, we think,

who read the narrative, with its episodes of adventure, close it without a conviction that in these Wahabees, or as they are called on the spot, Ferazee fanatics, these butchers and curriers, and village schoolmasters, and low men of every kind, we have found the most dangerous foes who ever faced us; that our dominion hangs even now, to-day, by a hair; that at any moment in any year a Mussulman Cromwell may take the field, and the Empire be temporarily overwhelmed in universal massacre. We are not writing sensational sentences. It is a fact proved by evidence as indisputable as was ever offered in courts of justice that throughout India, and especially throughout Bengal, a vast Mohammedan sect, in which every man is a missionary, is devoting itself steadily to our destruction; is making converts in thousands, and has the sympathy, avowed or silent, of our thirty millions of Mohammedan subjects; that it waits only an expected leader to declare war to the knife; and that in 1870, only a year ago, the existence of our rule depended mainly upon the answer which three Arabs in Mecca, as unknown in Europe as if they were negroes in Timbuctoo, might give to a question on the most difficult point of the Mohammedan moral code.

The situation is this. For fifty years the followers of Syud Ahmed, the Luther of the Indian Mussulmans, have been preaching war against us, forming colonies beyond the frontier, sending out missionaries throughout India, converting Hindoo villagers in Bengal, and levying from all Mohammedans with money subscriptions for the maintenance of their organization, the centre of which is Patna, where sits in secret a Caliph or Vicegerent of the faithful whose orders are obeyed by the entire creed. They have created a literature of the most "treasonable" and deeply religious kind, which is circulated in all the bazaars by bodies of devoted colporteurs; have trained thousands of Missionaries, who are eagerly heard as they teach that to escape damnation it is above all things necessary that a Mohammedan wage war upon the Infidel; and have made converts in such vast numbers that in 1843 a single preacher near Calcutta was followed by eighty thousand disciples bound in a kind of brotherhood. It is believed, indeed known, that their conversions are still increasing, the primary civil tenet of the Ferazees, the absolute equality of all Mussulmans, proving irresistibly attractive to men who, under the Hindoo social code, are treated as carrion fit only for manure.

The Wahabees perhaps alone among mankind make of this doctrine a reality, and the lowest Chundal in Dacca or Calcutta, a man whose social rank is about equal to that of an English rag-picker, has but to place the turban on his head, recite the creed and submit to circumcision, and he is the equal of the highest Wahabee, may marry his daughter, and is treated in every relation of life as if he were not only an equal but a kinsman. The Government has arrested and confined the leaders; but in a community which knows nothing of birth new leaders are always forthcoming, and the popularity of the sect has of late years received a new and, as it were, accidental impulse. Hitherto their main difficulty with the Mussulman millions has been to prove the religious obligation of rebellion. No Mussulman doctor doubts that if India ceases to be governed on Mussulman principles rebellion becomes a duty; but there has until lately, been a great doubt whether India had or had not ceased to be a land of Islam. Most doctors held that it had not. The British Government always avoided assuming the emblems of Sovereignty; the Koran was officially maintained to be the Common Law; and in every case in which a Mohammedan was concerned sentence was given, in theory at all events, by a Mohammedan Cazeer. Since the Mutiny, however, all these relics of the old system have been swept away. The sovereignty of the Queen throughout India is pressed forward on every possible occasion. The Code is the common law, and not the Koran. The law doctors have been abolished. It is no longer possible, write the Mussulmans, for us even to be married according to the forms prescribed by our religious books. India is therefore no longer a Mussulman country, but a country which was Mussulman, in which Mussulman rule has been overthrown by force, and in which therefore the highest moral duty of every Mussulman is rebellion in order to recover a State naturally belonging to his faith. Fortunately for us, the Meccan Doctors who were consulted by the Mussulmans in 1870 were not aware of the facts, and replied that a country was still in possession of Islam while the observances of Islam prevailed there, that is, were legalized there; but these "customs" have been abolished, and the Calcutta Doctors avow that the main condition now wanting to a Jihad is a fair prospect of success. The Wahabees therefore are eagerly heard, and all the more because the social misery of the

Mussulmans is at last reaching its climax. They have lost their ascendancy, they have lost their lands — being, as compared with Hindoos, reckless spenders — and they have been driven *en masse* from Government employ. Partly from their refusal to accept education in "Godless" Colleges, partly from their dislike of the English language, but mainly from the antipathy with which they are regarded by the British, who contrast their proudest bearing with the easy civility of the Hindoo, they are now a race proscribed. The details given by Mr. Hunter on this subject will astound even those who know India well. The military career has been finally barred to a people with whom war is at once a duty and a delight. Not one Mussulman holds the Queen's commission. In the higher grades of the Native Civil Service they are dying out, British collectors even venturing to advertise that in the competition for their offices none but Hindoos will be received, — the most astounding example of needless insult to a formerly dominant people we ever remember to have heard of. In the Department of Public Works there are but three Mussulmans to 107 Hindoos; in the offices of Account not one Mussulman. In the entire State service of Bengal, out of 2,111 officials *ninety-two* are Mussulmans. No Mussulman sits, serves, or pleads in the Supreme Court, the exclusion being so complete that not one Mussulman is even reckoned among the articulated clerks, and the following petition, almost ludicrous in its pathos, may be taken to be literally true: —

"As loyal subjects of her most Gracious Majesty the Queen, we have, we believe, an equal claim to all appointments in the administration of the country. Truly speaking, the Orissa Muhammadans have been levelled down and down, with no hopes of rising again. Born of noble parentage, poor by profession, and destitute of patrons, we find ourselves in the position of a fish out of water. Such is the wretched state of the Muhammadans, which we bring unto your Honour's notice, believing your Honour to be the sole representative of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen for the Orissa Division, and hoping that justice will be administered to all classes, without distinction of colour or creed. The penury and parsimonious condition which we are reduced to, consequent on the failure of our former Government service, has thrown us into such an everlasting despondency, that we speak from the very core of our hearts, that we would travel into the remotest corners of the earth, ascend the snowy peaks of the Himalaya, wander the forlorn regions of Siberia, could we



be convinced that by so travelling we would be blessed with a government appointment of ten shillings a week."

"A hundred and seventy years ago, it was almost impossible for a well-born Mussulman in Bengal to become poor; now, it is impossible for him to continue rich." It comes therefore to this, that the followers of a creed which makes scores of thousands of converts every year, which only a century ago ruled India with unquestioned sway, which fifty years ago possessed nearly all offices, is now excluded from all means of gaining wealth, and is sinking into utter misery, just as it is beginning to perceive that it can no longer declare that it still lives under its own religious laws. And the men who hold this creed are thirty millions, form for all social purposes one vast brotherhood, are bred up from childhood in a tradition of battle, and are capable when moved of this kind of adventure. A Mussulman serjeant of police in May, 1863, arrested four of the leading Wahabee missionaries, who appealed for aid to an old scrivener of Thanewar, a quiet and indeed unknown man. He offered any bribe for their release, but the serjeant was faithful, and sent the Wahabees before the magistrate. The magistrate discharged them, and the serjeant

"Devised an enterprise hardly surpassed in the legends of Spartan fortitude or the annals of Roman fidelity. To leave his post without leave would have been desertion; but he had a son in his native village, far in the North, whom he loved better than anything upon earth, except the family honour. Between his village and the Frontier lay our outposts, all on the alert to stop any stray plunderer or absconding traitor. Beyond the Frontier were the Fanatics, on the eve of their great act of overt hostility to the Crown, and in the last degree suspicious of any stranger not forwarded in the regular manner by their agents within our Empire. The father, well knowing that his son, if he escaped being hanged at our outposts as a traitor on his way to join the Rebel Camp, ran a very imminent risk of being strangled by the Wahabis as a spy, commanded his boy in the name of the family honour to go to Mulka, and not return till he could bring back the names of the conspirators within our territory who were aiding the Fanatics outside. The son received the letter, and next day disappeared from the village. What were his sufferings and hair-breadth escapes, none but his own family knows. But it came out in evidence that he completely deceived the Wahabis, joined in their descent upon Sittana, repassed our outpost unscathed, and turning neither to the left nor to the right, presented himself one

evening at his father's hut, many hundred miles inland, worn out by travel, want, and disease, but charged with the secret 'that Munshi Jaffir of Thanewar, whom men call Khalifa, was the great man who passed up the Bengalis and their carbines and rifles.' Now Jaffir was the scrivener in the market town of Thanewar, who would have at once paid the bribe, if the Sergeant had let the four travellers go."

If there are not in these facts elements of danger such as has rarely threatened an established government, historians have but ill described the causes of insurrection.

From The Spectator.

#### POLAND AND AUSTRIA.

THE remarkable manifestation of Polish national feeling of which Lemberg was the theatre on Sunday week, has naturally excited a large amount of attention and provoked a good deal of comment in Austrian and German political circles. In the journals of the Old-Austrian, which is now the New-German party in the Empire of the Hapsburgs, the criticisms which the event has occasioned have been especially marked. Keenly alive to every fresh symptom of that Slav equality or domination which is the central fact of recent constitutional history in Austria, the German Austrians have not delayed to express their profound dissatisfaction at such an apparition as a Polish quasi-representative assembly holding its sessions and making its protests, amid banners and processions and decorations, in a capital city of an Austrian province, and with the full permission of the Austrian authorities. One of their principal organs, the *Neue Freie Presse*, goes so far as to denounce as a breach of international amity the authorization of a demonstration that aims at nothing less than the dismemberment of two allied and neighbouring States. "Is it fitting," it exclaims, "that two days before the Emperors of Austria and Germany were to be respectively host and guest at Ischl, an Austrian city should be the scene of machinations directed against the unity of Germany? From Germany the *Kreuz Zeitung*, the favourite exponent of the Junkerdom of the Fatherland, re-echoes the complaints and indignation of the Vienna Germans. It is instructive to observe how clearly these zealous and sensitive Teutons can perceive that Polish Posen must be essentially German, but

that "German" Alsace can by no means be essentially French. We have noticed that on the occasion of the protest of the Polish Deputies in the Reichstag some months ago, the ingenuous Prince Bismarck displayed a similar perspicuity.

It is hardly to be wondered at that the Lemberg *Polentag* should have provoked comment. In all conscience it is time that Poland should be dead and buried. A nation which, after a whole century of fusiladings and proscriptions, and banishments, refuses to be finally done with and extinguished, but persists in intruding its inconvenient existence on the arrangements of politicians and the hobnobbing of great personages, really is enough to disturb all equanimity and good temper. It does not show proper respect for the little decorums. It must be acknowledged, however, that if the Poles have failed in a proper consideration for the feelings of some highly respectable people, at least they have used a very effective method for declaring their own. For weeks past, it had been announced that deputies from all portions of ancient Poland would attend to bear testimony to that enduring nationality which, in spite of partitions and barriers, spies and gibbets, is still the common sentiment of ten millions of people, still rooted in the countries between the Krapacks and the Niemmen, and from the Oder to Kiev. Prussian papers gave accounts that the Posen deputies were bearing earth with them to the memorial mound which was to be raised on the occasion of the gathering. This custom of raising a mound of earth carried out of many districts and provinces is frequently exemplified not only by the Poles, but by the Hungarians. When the Emperor Francis Joseph was crowned King of Hungary, a part of the ceremonial consisted in the ascent on horseback of the Mount of Defiance, built up from soil from every country of the Hungarian royalty. Perhaps the symbolism is something barbaresque. It does not fail to be impressive. When the day of meeting came, no less than two thousand guests sat down to the banquet in the town-hall. Galicia and Lodomeria sent four hundred representatives, Prussian Poland a smaller number, the Russian provinces were represented by the exiles alone. Woo to the Russian Pole that dared to attend such an assembly! Fortunately, the Czar has been so successful in his measures of expatriation that, beyond the border, at any rate, there is never any need to search for spokesmen for his Imperial Majesty's Pol-

ish dominions. It would be as easy as useless to mention a score of names, illustrious but unpronounceable, of the leading members of the Lemberg *Polentag*. It is sufficient to say that not only for numbers, but for individual weight and importance, the assembly demands respect as a really representative collection of the best elements of the Polish nationality. But there was more than numbers or respectability.

To those who have studied the recent development of constitutional relations in Cis-Leithan Austria, one fact must have been prominently evident,—the rain of favours which has showered on the Polish province. To please Galicia seems to be almost the foremost thought of Austrian administration. The concessions which have been already granted or are fully assured to Galicia hardly fall short of a certain independence. No authority but the Galician Diet is to make laws in all matters pertaining to home legislation. The Polish language is the recognized official language. A Polish Academy has been created, with rights coequal with the Academy of Vienna itself. The professorial chairs in the Universities of Lemberg and Cracow are to be filled by Poles alone. A Polish nobleman of pronounced patriotic sentiments, the Count Goluchowski, is the viceroy. Another Pole, the distinguished Grocholski, who but a few months ago prayed "that his right hand might wither" ere he proved false to Poland, and who is not considered to have violated his declaration, is Minister for Galicia in the Cabinet of the Empire. The simple recital of these facts is enough to show the immense, the extraordinary contrast which obtains between the respective procedures of Austria and of the other partitioning Powers towards the Polish nationality. Certainly, if Austria designed to do her utmost to concentrate on herself the aspirations of the long-divided race, it is difficult to conceive what better measures she could use for the furtherance of that object. It is to be remembered also that the Austrian Cabinet of the day was the least guilty of the infamous trio that perpetrated the partition in the last century.

To return to the *Polentag*. The addresses of the various speakers dealt with various subjects connected with the national question. A significant expression of opinion was repeated more than once with regard to the hostile relations of the Court of Berlin and the Catholic Church since the promulgation of the Vatican decrees. The attempts of the State at Braunsberg and

elsewhere to withdraw education from the control of the ecclesiastical authorities would have, it was said, at least one effect. The priests, naturally supporters of authority, when rejected by authority, must fall back on the people. Forbidden to be a courtier, the Polish priest would again be the Polish patriot. It may be noticed that similar results are confidently expected by the advanced nationalists in Ireland, from the anticipated action of the English Government in the matter of Irish education. It is not, however, to proffer to Prince Bismarck hints as to contingencies which he must be considered to have foreseen that we enter into details. It is to record an incident, the incident of the day. It was the bold and eloquent Moszczenski, a Pole from Posen, who spoke. In terms which aroused the enthusiasm while they knit the determination of his auditory, he bade Poland to take heart and be of good cheer. "The darkest hour was often the precursor of the dawn. In spite, or rather by reason, of their unexampled oppression, the Poles were now more a united nation than they had been in prosperous times. Out of the red sea of blood and death had risen the oneness of national life and feeling. There were no longer classes in Poland. They were one against the common enemies, and it was necessary that they should be one, and firm, and inseparable. They were about to fight a great fight, a fight without quarter, a fight for liberty and life. And they would conquer. Poland had allies. Yes, Poland had allies, and the Three Crowns of the Jagellons would be centred on one head." The Crowns of Poland, Hungary, and Bohemia on the brow of Francis Joseph,—a strange prophecy in a Polish assembly, and strangely welcomed. The glad shout went up to the roof-tree where the White Eagle showed his pinions on countless drooping banners, and the acclamations of the meeting ratified the words of the daring subject of Prussia. As our Transatlantic cousins would say, the Poles have modified their "platform." They have had their "new departure." Of course, it is impracticable, impossible,—though everything is practicable, and nothing is impossible. Considered as a mere political and strategic conception, however, it is a vast advance on the old isolated dream.

As for Austria, it sounds strange to find Austria the object of popular sympathies. It is much unlike 1848, much unlike 1866 even. Still, we must remember that Austria is no longer what she was in 1848 or

in 1866, and greater changes are preparing for her. For constitutionalism and a liberal spirit of government, she reigns without a rival in Germany or Russia at least. Of course, she has no thought of falling out either with Germany, whom, however, every Slav of her populations hates, or with Russia, "with whom," as Count Beust said a couple of months ago, "her relations are no worse than usual." It may be useful not to forget, nevertheless, that the reconstruction of the political map is still on the cards, that peace is not guaranteed, and that France is not at rest.

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From The Economist.  
THE MEETING AT GASTEIN.

THE importance of the meeting of the two Emperors at Gastein seems to us to consist in this, that the worst and most dangerous rumours about it, rumours possibly without the slightest justification, might be true. It is reported—we are not just now examining into the probable truth of the reports—that the Emperors of Germany and Austria are meeting in order that they may settle some common plan of action with regard to the affairs of Roumania—that is, really with regard to action to be apprehended from Russia in alliance with France, and the report is of itself sufficient to throw the whole world into suspense. It is not an irrational report. It is quite possible, it is indeed very probable, that the four individuals usually named—that is, the two Emperors and their two Chancellors—may think an alliance between Czar Alexander and M. Thiers imminent, and it is absolutely certain that if they did so think they could and would wrap the world in flames. There does not exist any power of any kind which could stop those four persons—Prince Bismarck, Count Beust, M. Thiers, and Prince Gortschakoff—from commencing, without any especial trouble to themselves, a course of action which would bring on inevitably a general European war—perhaps the greatest calamity under which the world could suffer. Suppose the Russian Czar to say what the Russian papers under the censorship are saying, that German policy strangles Russia, prevents her development, and must be resisted. German policy does not hurt Russia in any way, does not even threaten her so long as she remains within her own frontiers; but it is quite true that it

does prevent her emerging from them, and may therefore seriously irritate both her people and her Court. They may choose to express that irritation, and guard against that imaginary hurt by expressions of dissatisfaction, which would at once be received in France as expressions of hostility, and would undoubtedly excite under recent circumstances a keen wish to give that hostility encouragement. Under such circumstances it is most natural that Germany should look round for allies, most natural that she should turn to a semi-German power like Austria for alliance, most natural of all that with victory fresh upon her, with her Treasury full to bursting, and with her armies still on foot, she should wish her policy to be bold. A "bold" policy under such conditions means war on a scale never yet seen, and yet a "bold" policy is not only possible but is more probable than a weak one, or one which would result only in diplomatic action. A man who has won a great suit, and has had all his expenses, incidental as well as legal, fully paid up, is very likely indeed to think that another

suit would produce more than a quantity of lawyers' letters. He is all the more likely to think so if he thinks the suit certain to come on at some time or other, as it is most probable, or at all events exceedingly probable, that Prince Bismarck does think. It is not likely that the Russian Government, however much influenced — and it is greatly influenced — by the personal regard existing between Czar and Kaiser, really approves the completeness of the German victory. The majority of the English people do not approve it, and the English people have nothing like the interest of the Russian people in the matter — have indeed, while the fleet is in good order, scarcely any direct interest in the matter. It is not improbable therefore that the Russian Government is willing to think over a French alliance, and that Prince Bismarck, aware of that fact, as he is aware of most things which occur or exist in Europe, except perhaps the most sedulously-concealed fact in European politics, the fighting strength of Great Britain, is intent on action which may precipitate the struggle.



END OF VOL. CX.

